

# Rosalyn.

**E V P H V E S G O L D E N**  
Legacie, found after his death in  
his Cell at Silexeda.

**B E Q V E A T H E D T O P H I L A U T U S**  
Sonne, nurſed vp with their Father  
in England.

*Fesche from the Canaries by T. L. Gen.*



**LONDON**  
Printed for N. Lye, and T. Gubbins,  
1598.

Royal

EVPIHAE S. GODEN

Legacie found after his decess  
in the Cell of Shrewsbury

DEO VENATE IN D TO P. H. M. D. T. S.

Some images of my selfe  
in England.

Printed by William Crammer at T. T. Quare.



London  
Printed by W. Crammer  
1588.



To the right Honourable and his most  
esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain  
of her maiesties household, and governour of the Towne of  
Barwicke: T.L.G. witheth increase of all  
honourable vertues.

**S**ir Romaines (right Honourable) as delighted  
in Martiall exploits, attempted their action in the  
honour of *Augustus*, because hee was a patron of  
souldiours: & Vergill disguised with his poems as a  
*Maecenas* of schollers, both ioyntly aduancing his  
royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to *Pallas*, present her with Bayes as she is wife, and with Armes as she  
is valiant: obseruing herein that excellency to person, which de-  
dicateth honours according to the perfection of the person.  
When Lentred (right honourable) with a deepe insight into  
the consideration of these premises, seeing your Lordship to be  
a Patron of all martiall men, and a *Maecenas* of such as applie  
themselues to studie, weareing with *Pallas* both the launce and  
the bay, and aiming with *Augustus* at the fauour of all, by the ho-  
nourable vertues of your mind, being my selfe first a student, &  
afterwards falling from booke to armes, euen vowed in all my  
thoughts dutifullly to affeit your Lordship. Having with Cap-  
taine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of *Terceras* and the  
*Canaries*, to beguile the time with labour, I writte this booke:  
rough, as hacht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in  
the surges of many perilous seas. But as it is the worke of a  
Souldiour and a Scholler, I presume to shrowde it vnder your  
Honours patrouage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of al  
virtuous actions, and whose honourable loues growne from the

## The Epistle Dedicatore.

generall applause of the whole commonwealthe for your higher  
deserte, may keep it from the malice of euerie bitter tongue.  
Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in  
me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being scholler with  
your noble sonnes, maister *Edmund Carew*, and maister *Robers  
Carew*, (two liens worthy of so honourable a tree, and a tree glo-  
rious in such honourable fruit) as also being scholler in the Vni-  
uersitie vnder that learned and vertuous knyght, Sir *Edward  
Hobby*, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as  
well borne, and after the Etymologic of his name, soaring as  
high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happy euerie  
way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so ver-  
tuous a lady. Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to  
the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the  
father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force  
must be more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with  
the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my  
Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your Honour will  
vouch of my labors, and fauour a souldiers and a schollers Pen  
with your gracious acceptance, who answeres in affection what  
wants in eloquence: so devoted to your honor, as his only desire  
is to ende his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a  
Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships courtesie,

in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease,

wishing you as many honourable for-

— tunes as your Lordship can

desire, or I ima-

gine,

*Your honours Souldiers most  
humbly affectionate:*

**Thomas Lodge**



## To the Gentlemen Readers.



Gentlemen, looke not here to find any sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humours of any amorous Laurent, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent Orator: Nolo al-  
tum sapere, they be matters aboue my capacite: the Coblers checke shall never light on my head, Ne futor  
ultra crepidam, I will go no further then the Latchet, and then all is  
well. Here you may perhaps finde some leauers of Venus mirtle, but  
bewen downe by a soulisour with his eurtlaxe, not bought with the al-  
lurement of a fisted tongue. To bee briefe Gentlemen, roome for a soulisour  
and a saiser, that gives you the fruits of his labour that hee wrote in  
the Ocean, where euerie line was wet with a surge, and euerie humoroue  
passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it so, and yet I will bee  
yours in dutie, if you bee mine in favour. But of Mornas or any disquieted  
asse, that hath mightie eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little  
to judge: if hee come aboard our Barke to find fault with the tackling  
when he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out  
a rustic pollax, that sawe no sun this seauen yeares, and either will be-  
baste him, or heave the cockes comb ouerboard to feed Gods. But cour-  
teous Gentlemen that fauor most, backbite none, and pardon what is ouer-  
sight, let such come and welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch  
them a han of our best beuage. Well Gentlemen, you haue Euphues  
Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therfore  
reade it, conserue with fauour, and farewell.

Yours T.L.

John Galli an Englishman. A 3. The  
book 2.3



## The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testament, the tenour of his Legacie, the token of his loue.

**T**He vehemency of my sicknesse, Philautus, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet must I die in counsailling thee like Socrates, because I loue thee. Thou hast sonnes by Camelia as I heare, who being yong in yeares, haue greene thoughts, and nobly borne, hausing great mindes: bende them in youth like the willow, least thou bewaile them in their age for their wilfulness. I haue bequeathed them a Golden Legacie, because I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as Archelaus did Cassander, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the best methode. They shall find loue anotomized by Euphues, with as lively colours as in Appelles table: Roses to whip him when he is wanton, reason to withdraw him when he is wilse.

Here may they reade that vertue is the king of labour, opinion the misstris of fooles, that vanitie is the pride of nature, contention the overthrow of families: here is Elleborus bitter in taste but beneficial in triall: I haue nothing to send thee and Camelia but this counsell, that in stede of worldly goods, you leaue your sonnes vertue and glorie: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, then lords of your manors. I feede death that summons me to my graue, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell Philautus, and let the tenour of my counsell be applied to thy childrens comfort.

Euphues dying to liue.

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

Rosalyn



## Rosalynde.



There dwelled adioyning to the Cittie of Burdeaux a Knight of most honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many fauours, and Nature hornezed with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellencie of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in desciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme concept of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of al ciuil gouernement: and to make his wisedome more gracious, hee had that *salementingenij* and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in *Vlysses*: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroake of his launce no lesse forcible, then the sweetnesse of his congue was perswasive: for he was for his courage chosen the principal of al the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeaux, having passed the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time bath his course, grew aged: his haires were siluer hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: Honour sat in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinckled lineaments, that al men might perceue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir John, that with the Phenix knew the tearme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swanns discouer his end by hit songes, having three sonnes by his wife Lyrida, the very pride of his forepassed yeares, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compel him to leaue them, to below upon them such a Legacie as might beway his loue, and encrease their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him, in the presence of al his fellow Knights of Ma'ta, he resolved to leaue them a memorial of al his faterly care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dutyes. Having therfore death in

# Euphues

in his lookes to mooue them to pity, and teares in his eies to paine out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

Sir John of Bourdeaux Legacie he  
gave to his sonnes.

Oh my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined a final ende of my dayes: the Palme tree waxeth awayward, for he soopereth in his height, & my plumes are ful of sickle feathers touched with age, I must to my graue that dischargeth al cares, and leaue you to the world that increaseth many sorowes: my siluer haires containeth great expe-rience, and the number of my yeates haue pende downe the subtil-ties of Fortune. Therfore as I leaue you some fadyng pelfe to coun-tercheke pouertie, so I wil bequeath you infallible precepts that shal leade you vnto vertue. First therfore vnto thee Saladine the eldest, and therfore the chieffest pillar of my house, wherin shoulde be ingrauenas wel the excellencie of thy Fathers qualties, as the es-sential forme of his proportion, to thee I give fourteene plough lands, with al my Mannour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Fernandine I bequeath twelue plough lands: But vnto Rosader the yongest I give my Horse, my Armour, and my Lounce, with sixteene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadowes, Rosader wil exceede you al in bountie and hono. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the sub-stance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigal to spend, as I haue beeene careful to get, your friends wil grieue to see you more wasteful then I was bountiful, and your soes smile that my fal did begin in your exesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your ac-tions, and the same of my vertues the Loadre. Starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deeds by my honoorable inde-uous, and shew your selues sliens worthy of so flourishing a tree & lefft as the birds Halcyones which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceede in blacknesse. Climbe not my lons, alspyring pride is a vapo: that ascenderth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which starre at the stars, humble vpon the stonnes: & such as gaze at the Sunne (whiche they be Eagle-eyed) fal blinde. Soare not

with

## golden Legacie

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke: nor attempt not with  
Phaeton, least you browne with Icarus. Fortune when she wils you  
to flie, tempers your plumes with ware, & therfore either sit stil and  
make no wing, or else beware the Sun, and holde Dedalus axiome  
authentical (*Medium tenuisse tarsum.*) Lowe shrubs and deepe  
roote, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes cuer up-  
ward, and envy aspireth to nestle with dignity. Take heed my sons,  
the meane is sweetest melody, where strings stretch high, either soon  
crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care bee  
your harts content, and think that you are not borne for your selues,  
but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the  
common-weale, & faithful to your friends, so that France say, these  
men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh  
my sons, a friend is a precious jewel, within whose bosomie you may  
unload your sorrow, and vnfolde your secretes, and he either wil re-  
lieue with councel, or perswade with reason: but take heede in the  
chaise, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the  
dimples in the face the Malenders of trouth. When the Lequorice  
leafe looketh most dry, then it is most wet: when the shooes of Le-  
panthus are most quiet, then they foreshew a storme. The Baaran  
leasse the more faire it lookes, the more infections it is, & in the swee-  
test words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sons, choose a  
friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, seuer them from the ore  
with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant: so  
trie and then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then  
friends faithfull lay them vp for jewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for  
cowardice is the enemy to honour: but not too rash, for that is ex-  
treame. Fortitude is the meanes, and that is limited within bonds, &  
prescribed with circumstance. But aboue al, & with that he fetcht a  
deep sigh, beware of Loue for it is far more perilous then pleasant,  
and yet I tel you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fau-  
cie is a fickle thing, & beauties paintings are trickt vp with times  
colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same,  
Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend liberty, yet there  
is nothing but losse & glistering misery. Cupids wings are plumed  
with the feathers of vanity, and his arrowes where they pierce, in-  
force nothing but desires: a womans eie, as it is precious to behold,  
so is it prejudicial to gaze vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it sna-

# Euphues

reth unto death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Steele, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, & their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Polype, which changeth at the sight of every obiect. My breath waereth short and mine eyes waue diuine, the houre is come, and I must away: therfore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, choose one that hath eyes of Adamant, that will turne onely to one poynt, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Herbin leafe, that never wags but with a southeast wind: and yet my sons, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shal thou stand in hit sufficient vanity to counteraile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, even now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my thred is spun, and my foot is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them be lodged in the secret of your hearts: for wisedome is better then wealth, & a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall, see my sonnes, the follie of man, that being duettainbeth with Rrares, to reach at the beauens, and readie euerie minute to die yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightening, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares but a beauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be carefull that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee full of admirable honours: so shal thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honourable actions. But my sons, lest you should forget your fathers axioms, take this scetule, wherein reade what your fader dying wils you to execute living. At this he shunke downe in his bed and gaue vp the ghost.

John of Burdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewailed of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Maine, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladine caused next his epitaph, the contents of the scetule to bee pourtrayed out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scetule which sir John of  
Bordeaux gaue his sonnes.

MY sonnes behold what portion I do give,  
I leau you goods, But they are quickly lost:

I leau

# golden Legacie

I leue advise, to schoole you how to dony. 1511. 1512. 1513. 1514. 1515.  
I leue you wit, but won with little cost: 1516. 1517. 1518. 1519.  
But keepe it well: for councel still is one, 1520. 1521. 1522. 1523.  
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone. 1524. 1525. 1526.

In chiose of chyf, let honour be your gaine, 1527. 1528. 1529. 1530.  
Winne it by vertue, and by manly myght: 1531. 1532. 1533. 1534.  
In doing good, esteeme thy trouble no painey, 1535. 1536. 1537. 1538.  
Protect the faterles and widowes right. 1539. 1540. 1541. 1542.  
Fight for thy faith, thy Country and thy King, 1543. 1544. 1545. 1546.  
For why? this chyf wil prove a blessed chyf. 1547. 1548. 1549. 1550.  
In chiose of wife, prefer the modest chaste, 1551. 1552. 1553. 1554.  
Lillies are faire in shew, but soule in sinell: 1555. 1556. 1557. 1558.  
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast, 1559. 1560. 1561. 1562.  
Then chose thy wife by wit, and liuynge wel, 1563. 1564. 1565. 1566.  
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall  
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall. 1567. 1568. 1569. 1570.

In chiose of friends, beware of light beliefe, 1571. 1572. 1573. 1574.  
A painted tongue, may shroud a subtil heast: 1575. 1576. 1577. 1578.  
The Syrens teares, doe threaten mickle grieso, 1579. 1580. 1581. 1582.  
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart, 1583. 1584. 1585. 1586.  
Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then, 1587. 1588. 1589. 1590.  
When richer growen, befriend you him againe. 1591. 1592. 1593. 1594.

Learne with the Ant in summer to prouide, 1595. 1596. 1597. 1598.  
Driue with the Bee, the Droane from out the hitt, 1599. 1600. 1601. 1602.  
Build like the Swallow, in the summer tide, 1603. 1604. 1605. 1606.  
Spare not too much, (my sonnes) but sparing thriue, 1607. 1608. 1609. 1610.  
Be poore in folly, rich in al but sinne: 1611. 1612. 1613. 1614.  
So by your death, your glory shal beginne. 1615. 1616. 1617. 1618.

Saladine having thus set by the Schedule, and hanged about his  
Fathers hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose  
him to be passing sorrowful, veclad himself & his brothers al in black,  
and in such laby lines discoursed his grefe: but as the Hicena when  
the mowens is the most guiltfull. Saladinis vnder the shew of grefe

## song Euphues

doweth her heart full of concened i thoughts. The Tyger though he hide his clawes, wil at last discouer his rapine, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans fisionys is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so conceald, but at last it wil haue his course, nature and art may do much, bnt that *Natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingrassed in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse: *Naturam expellas furca lices v quae recurret.*

So fares it with Saladine, for after a monlhs mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers then to himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and bee being their gardaine might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such hanooke of their legacies and lands, as they shold be a great deale the lightes: wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe,

### Saladines meditation with himselfe.

Saladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, hauing thy mind troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, & thy hart fired with the hope of present preferme<sup>t</sup>: by the one thou art counseled to content thee with thy fortunes; by the other perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great royaltie, & there is no sweeter phisick then gold. Auicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say that gold was the most preicious restorative, & that treasure was y<sup>e</sup> most excellent medicme of the mind. Oh Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles: did he not warne thee from coueting without hono<sup>r</sup>, and climing without vertue: did he not forbid thee to aime at any action that shold not be honourable: and what will be more prejudicial to thy credite, then the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie: and wile than become the subuersiō of their fortunes: is there any sweter thing: then concord, y<sup>e</sup> a more precious jewel then amittie: are you not sons of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one nest: and wile thou become so vnnatural as to rob them whom thou sholdst belieue: Now Saladine, intreate them in fauours, and entertaine them with loue, so shal thou haue thy conscience cleare, and thy re-  
newne

## golden Legacie.

nowone excellent. Thus, what words are these base foole, far vnfit  
(if thou bee wise) for thy honour. What though thy father at his  
death talked many fruulous matters, as one that doved for age,  
and raued in his sicknesse, shall his words be axioms, & his talke be  
so authenticall, and thou wile [to obserue them] preiudice thy selfe?  
No, no Saladine, sick mens wils that are parole, & haue neither ha-  
nor seale, are like the laws of a citie written in dust, which are bro-  
ken with the blast of euerie wind. What man thy father is dead, &  
he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: there-  
fore bury his words with his carcasse, and be wise for thy selfe: what  
is not so old as true: *Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.*

Thy brother is yong, keepe him now in awe, make him not check-  
mate with thy selfe: for,

*Nomia familiaris as contemptum parit.*

Let him know little, so shal he not be able to execute much, sup-  
presse his wits with a base estate, and though he be a Gentleman by  
nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nurture: so  
shalt thou keepe him a slauie, and raigne thy selfe sole lord ouer all  
thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandine thy middle brother, he  
is a scholler, and hath no mind but on Aristotle, lette him reade on  
Galen, while thou ristest with gold, and pore on his booke till thou  
dost purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is  
insuug, and so lette al rest.

In this humor was Saladine making his brother Rosadar his  
foot boy, for the space of two or three yeare, keeping him in such ser-  
uile subiection, as it had bin the sonne of any countrey vassall. The  
yong gentleman bare al with patience, till on a day walking in the  
garden by himselfe, hee beganne to consider how he was the sonne of  
John of Burdeaux, a Knight renowned in many victories, and a  
gentleman famous for his vertues, who conterarie to the testament  
of his father, he was not oulre kept from his land, and intreated as a  
seruant, & smothered in such secret slauerie, as he might not attaine  
to any houorable actions. Alas quoth he to himselfe (nature working  
these effectual paissions) why shuld I that am a gentlemaa borne,  
passe my time in such unnatural drudgery: were it not better either  
in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field  
a souldior, then to liue a foot boy to mine owne brother: nature hath  
lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denied me art to contem-

## Euphues

plate: I haue strenght to performe any honorable exploit, but no libertie to accomplish any vertuous indeuours: & those good partes that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother doth smother vp in obscurtie, the harder is my fortune, and the meye his forwardnes. With that casting vp his hand, he felte haire on his face, & perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, & swore to himselfe he would be no moxe subiect to such slauerie. As thus hee was ruminating of his melancholp passions, in came Saladine with his men, & seeing his brother in a browne studie, and so forget his wonted reverencie, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirra (quoth he) is your mind on your halspenie, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule: what is my dinner ready? At this question Rosader turning his heau aßkance, and bending his browes as if anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wach, with his eyes full of fire, he made this replie. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for thy Cates: aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office: I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in my hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou feld my woods, spoyld my manour houses, and made hauocke of such vten salles as my father bequeathed unto me: I tell thee Saladine, either answere mee as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemie.

At this replie of Rosader, Saladine smiled, and laughing at his presumption, and frowned, as checking his follie: he therefore took him vp thus shottly. What Sirra? I see early pricks the tree that wil proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you cov, or my good looks drawn you to be thus contempneuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault; and I will bende the tree while it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You sirs, lay hold on him, and bind him, and then I will giue him a cooling card for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great take that stood in the garden, he laid such load upon his brothers men, that he hurt some of them, & made the rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, & with his resolution so valiant, thought his beales his best safetie, & tooke him to a loſt adioyning to the Garden, whither Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine afraid of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus:

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thus. Rosader be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou gaine the vertue of old sir John of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frawnes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, look not so lowly, I know we shal be friends, & better friends then we haue bin. *For, Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the choller of Rosader, (for he was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother he woulde offer hym no prejudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a litle parley: they imbraced each other and became friends, and Saladine promising Rosader the restitution of al his lands, and what sauour else, quoth he, any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe. Upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of al the old seruants of sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidde[n] in the straw, til it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of Whaſſling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, lest being idle, their thoughts should run vpon more serious matters, and cal to remembrance their olde banished King: a Champion there was to stand against al comers, a Norman, a man of tal stature & of great strength, so valiant that in many such conflicts he alwayes bare away the victory, not only ouerthrowing them which he encountered, but often with the waighe of his bodie killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead: firſt by ſecret meanes conuented with the Norman, & procured him with rich rewards to ſweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes, he woulde never moxe returne to quarell with Saladine for his poſſeſſions. The Norman deſicous of pelfe, as. (*Quis nihil mentis inops oblatum respicit aurum.*) taking great giſts for little Gods, took the crownes of Saladine to perfrome the Stratagem. Having thus tied the Champion to his villainous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went to yong Rosader, (who in al his thoughts reaſh at honor, and gaged no lower then vertue commandēd) and began to tel him of this Tournament and Whaſſling, how the King woulde be there, and

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and al the chiese Peeres of France, with al the beautiful damosels of the countrey: nowe brother quoth he, for the hono<sup>r</sup> of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famons that house that never hath bin found without men approued in Chivalry, shew thy resolution to be peremptoy. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploits, knowing better how to survey my lands, then to charge my Launce: my brother Feruandise he is at Paris, poyning on a few prayers, having more insight into Sophistry & principals of Philosophie, then any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and dareste doe what honour allowes thee: take thou my fathers Launce, his S<sup>w</sup>ord, and his Horsle, and hie thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a free horsle, for he had scarce vittered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly that he promised in what he might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, & Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroical thoughts, that he bath past the night with little sleepe, but as soone as Phoebus had vailed the Curtain of the night, and made Aurora blussh with giuing her the bezo las labras in her siluer Couch, he gat him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking every mile tennes leagues til he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iournay, to Tarismond the king of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the forrest of Arden, sought now by al meanes to keepe the French busied with al spoyle that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Turnament, whereunto he in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelue peeres of France, who rather for feare then loue graced with the Qew of they<sup>r</sup> dutifull fauours, to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sighte of most rare glistering obiects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the faire Rosalynd daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautiful Damosels that were famous for they<sup>r</sup> features in al France.

Thus in that place did loue and war triumph in a Sympathy, such

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such as were martial, might use their Lance to be renowned for the excellency of their Cheualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye hath his several fature, and fancie was partial in their looks, yet al in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: soy upon her cheeke there seemed a battel between the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that glорied Luna when she kist the Shepheard of the hills of Latmos, was not eanted with such a pleasant die, as the Vermillion florish on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenaunce: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the welch court of the heauens moxe gorgeous, sparkling fauour and disdaine, courteous and yet coy, as it in them Venus had placed al her amoytis, & Diana all her chasity. The trammels of her haire, folded in a Coll of golde, so far surpass the burnisht glister of metal, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightness: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haire it seemed Loue had layd her self in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellency, what shuld I need to descipher hit particular beauties whē by the censure of al, she was the Paragon of al earthly perfection. This Rosalind sat (I say) with Alinda as a beholder of these sports and made the Cavaliers cracke their Lances with moxe courage: many deedes of knighthood that day were performed, and many pri- fesses were giuen according to their several desarts, at last when the Tournement sealed, the wastling began, and the Norman presēted himselfe as a challenger against al commers, but he looked like Hercules when he aduanst himselfe against Achelous, so that the fury of his countenance amased al that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activitie, til at the last a lustie Fanckling of the Country came with two cal men that were his sonnes of good liniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dsoing obey- lance to the King, entred the List, & presented himselfe to the Nor- man, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would tri- umph in the glorie of his strenght, rousid himself with such fur, that not only he gaue him the fal, but killed him with the weight of his copulente personage: which the yonger brother seeing, leape pre- sently into the place, and thirsle after the reuenge, assayed the Nor-

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man with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees, which repaſt to the Norman that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doſhing his strength, he ſlept ſo earnestly to the yong Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him againſt the ground ſo violently, that he broke his necke, and ſo entred his daies with his brother. At this vnlooke for maſlaſte the people murmurde, and were al in a deepe paſſion of pity, but the Fr. nckline farther vnto theſe, never changed his conuenience, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his ſonnes without ſhew of outward diſcontent.

All this while ſtood Rosader and ſaw this Tragedie, who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Fraucklins minde, alighted off from his Horſe, & piefcely ſate downe on the grasse & commaunded his boy to pul off his boots, making him ready to try the ſtrength of this champion, being furniſht as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the ſhoulder and ſaid thus: Bold yeoman whose ſonnes haue eued the termes of their yeares with hanour, for that I ſee thou ſcoyneſt fortune with patience, & thwarteſt the iury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy ſonnes, Stand a while, and either ſee me make a thirde in their tragedie, or elle reuenge their ſal with an honorable triumph: the Francklin ſeeing ſo goodly a Gentleman to give him ſuch curteſous comfort, gave him harty thankes, with promeſe to pray for his happy ſuccesse. With that Rosader baileſt honer to the King, and lightly leape within the hilis, where noting moare the company then the combatant, he caſt his eye vpon the troope of Ladies that glisſetered like the ſtares of heauen, but at the laſt Loue willing to make him amorous as he was valiant, preſented him with the ſight of Rosalind, whose admirable beautie ſo inueagled the cie of Rosader, that forgetting himſelf, he ſtood and ſet his looks on the fauour of Rosalinds face, which he perceiving, bluſht: which was ſuch a doubling of her beauteous excellencie, that the baſhfulnes of Aurora, at the ſight of unacquainted Iphaeton, was not haſte ſo glorious.

The Norman ſeeing this young Gentleman fettered in the booke of the Ladies, draue him out of his Memento with a ſhake by the ſhoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had beeke wakened from ſome pleasant dreame diſcovered to al by the fury of his conuenience that he was a man of ſome high thoughts: but when they al noted his youth and the ſweteneſſe of his

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his visage, with a general applause of fauours, they grieved that so  
goodly a yong man should venture in so base an action: but seeing  
it were to his dishonor to hinder him from his enterprise, they wiste  
him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was  
thus called out of his Memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt  
him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fel on the ground, and  
with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space  
the Norman called to mind by al tokenes, that this was he whome  
Saladine had appointed him to kil: which conjecture made him  
stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death he  
might recouer the gold, which so bountifullly was promised him. On  
the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil  
cast an eye vpon Rosalind, who to encourage hym with a fauour,  
lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most cow-  
ard desyrate: which glaunce of Rosalind so stiered the passionate  
desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, he ran vpon him  
and braued him with a strong encounter: the Norman received him  
as valiantly, that there was a soze combate, hard to iudge on whose  
side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader calling to mind the  
beauty of his new Distresse, the same of his fathers honours, and  
the disgrace that should fal to his house by misfortune, rowled  
himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon  
his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman peelded nature  
her due, and Rosader the victory. The death of this champion, as it  
highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so  
it drew the King and al the Peeres into a great admiration, that  
so young peares, and so beautiful a personage, should containe such  
martial excellency: but when they knew him to be the youngest son  
of sir John of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seate and imbra-  
ced him, and the Peeres intreated him with al fauourable curtesie,  
commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe  
forward in such haughty deedes, that he might attaine to the glory of  
his fathers honorabile fortunes.

As the King and Lordes graced him embracing, so the Las-  
dyes fauoured him with their looks, especially Rosalind, whome  
the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but the ac-  
counted loue a toy, and sancte a momentary passion, that as it was  
taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therfore

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stared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader knowe he affected him, tooke from her nekke a Jewel, and sent it by a Page to the yong Gentleman. The prize that Venus gaue to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Troyan, as this gain was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make himselfe sole Monarch of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignitie, then haue lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalyn. To returne her with the like he was vnfurnished, and yet that he might more then in his looks discouer his affection, he slept into a tent, and taking pen and paper w<sup>t</sup> his fancy:

Two sunne sat once from one faire heaven there shinde,  
Ten branches from two boughes tipt al with Roses,  
Pure lockes more golden then is golde refinde,  
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride encloses.  
Two mounts, faire marble, white, down soft, and dainty,  
A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure  
Full woful makes my heart and body fainty:  
Her faire (my woe) exceeds al thought and measure.  
In lines contiuse my lucklesse harme appeareth,  
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This Sonnet he sent to Rosalind, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceiued loue had allotted her so amorous a servant. Leaving her to her new entertained fancies: againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troope of yong Gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Salades, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue assuring himselfe of his death, and devising how with dissimulated sorrow, to celebrate his funerals: as hee was in this thought, he cast vppe his eye, and saw where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as hauing wonne the prize, accompayned with a crew of boone companions: grieved at this, he slept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such vnkinde entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothered his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this vp<sup>t</sup> any malitious intent or nigarwize, but being brought vp in the countrey, he absented himselfe,

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selfe, as not studing his nature fit for such pouerfull compaines. Thus he sought to shadown abusnes profered by his brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sworde, & entring boldly into the hal, where hee found none, for al were fled, but one Adam Spencer an Englishman, who had beene an old and trustie seruante of sir Iohn of Burdeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceased master, fauoured the part of Rosader, & gaue him and his such entertainement as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hal emptye said: gentleman you are welcome, frolinke, and be merry, you shal be sure to haue wine inough, whatsoeuer your fate be, I tell your Caualiers, my brother hath in his house ffeue tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth I besyew him that spareth his liquoꝝ. With þ he burst op̄e the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the tables, and set downe whatsoeuer he could find in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they roial cheere, & with al such heartie welcome, as would haue made the courtest meates seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolinke it twise or thrise with an vysc̄ freeze, they all tooke their leaue of Rosader, and departed. Alalone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sworde, and swore to be reuenged of the discourteous Saladine, yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshyp and amitie betwix the brethren, and through the flatering subission of Saladine, they were once again reconciled, and put vp al forspassed iniuries with a peaceable agreement, living togither for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not only reioyce the seruantes, but made al the gentlemen and bordering neigboris glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hidinge fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath, til fitter opportunitie, he shewed himselfe a great fauouer of his brothers vertuous indeuours: where leauing þ in this happie league, let vs return to Rosalind.

Rosalind returning home from the triumph after she waxed solitari, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, strooke her so deep, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate, she began to call to minde the comlinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

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made him so gracious in the eyes of euerie one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in his thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfeit with the contemplation of his vertuous condicions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnes of her fortunes, desire began to shrikke, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a Chaos of confusid thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner.

## Rosalinds passion.

Impotent Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more then thy yeares, & whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blasons of thy youth are mixt with the frostis of enuite, & the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, & thou the unhappy daughter of a king detayned captiue, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crowne? what griefs are incident to dignitie? what sorowes haunt ryal palla-cess? The greatest seas haue the solest stormes, the highest birth sub-iect to the most hale, and of all trees the Cedars loonest shake with the wind: small Currents are euer calme, low dallies not scotche in any lightning, nor base me tied to any baseful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouertie, it is with her heele: rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enuying their welth with disparage-ment. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou bin borne low, thou hadst not falne so high, & yet being great of bloud, thine honor is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrarie fortune with concet, yet fates unwilling to haue me any waies happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalynd? becommeth it women in distresse to think on loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind & shoothe at randon, assoone hirring a rag, as a robe, and piercing assoone y bosome of a captiue, as the breast of a libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalynd by experiance, for be- ing euerie way distrest, surcharged with cares, & ouergrowne with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all mishaps, Loue hath lode d in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man every way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eie with beauty, & the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalynd his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art

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are poore and without patrimonie, and yet the daughter of a Prince, be a yonger brother, and voyde of such possession as either mighte maintaine thy dignities, or reuenge thy fathers injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Lovers cannot live by looks: that womens cares are sooner content with a pound of giue me, then a dram of I care me, that gols is sweeter then eloquence: that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fuel: that Venus collers shoulde be euer full. Then Rosalynd seeing Rosader poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, & account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be vsed in loue:

*Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

**T**ush Rosalind, be not ouer rash, leape not before thou looke, either loue such a one as may with his lands purchase thee libertie, or else loue not at al. Choose not a faire face with an empie purse, but say as most women vse to say, *Si nihil a tuleris, ibis Homere fortis.*

**W**hy Rosalynd, can such base thoughtes harbour in such high beauties: Can y<sup>e</sup> degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerisimond harbour such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more then honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, either Rosader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautiful and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her newe entertained passi-  
ons, taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty,

## *Rosalinds Madrigall.*

*Love in my bosome like a Bee,*

*doth sucke his sweetes:*

*Now with his wings he plaies with me,*

*now with his feete.*

*Within mine eyes he makes his nest,*

*His bed amidst my tender breast,*

*My kisses are his daily feast,*

*And yet he robs me of my rest,*

*Ah wanton, will ye?*

*And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he,*

*With prettie flight,*

*And*

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And makes his pillow of my knee,  
the liuelong night  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,  
He musickē plaies it so I sing,  
He lendes me euerie louely thing,  
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting,  
VVhist wanton still yee.  
Else I with roses euery day,  
will whip you hence:  
And dñnd you when you long to play,  
for your offence.  
Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,  
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,  
Ile count your powre not worth a pinne,  
Alas what hereby shal I winne,  
If he gainesay me.  
VVhat if I beate the wanton boy  
with many a rod?  
He will repaire me with annoy,  
because a God.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosome be,  
Lurke in mine eies I like of thee,  
O Cupid so thou pittie me,  
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Madrigall, before Torismond  
came in with his daughter Alinda, & many of the peetes of France,  
who were enamored at her beautie: which Torismond perciuing,  
fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his preiudice,  
and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossoms, bee  
thought to banish her from the court, for quoth he to himselfe, her  
face is so full of fauor that it pleades pittie in the eye of every man,  
her beautie is so heauenly and diuine, that she wil proue to me as  
Helen did to Priam: some one of the peetes wil aime at her loue,  
and the mariage, & the in his wiues right attempe the kingdom. To  
preuent therfore had I wist in al these actions, she taries not about  
the court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else  
seeke

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seeke other soxunes. In this humor, with a stern countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the Peetes, that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynd, and presently couered with the shidle of hit innocency, she boldly brake out in reuenant termes to haue cleared her selfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Loyds plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pouertayed in his brow. Standing thus al mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda who loued hit more then her self, with grief in heart, and teates in her eyes, falling downe on her knees began to i treat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of Rosalynd.

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amity craue pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalynd and I haue bin suffered vp from our infancies, and nursed under the harbour of our conuersing together with such priuate familiarities, that custome hath wrought an union of nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret loue, that we haue two bodies and one soule. Then maruaile not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distrest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorowes: for her vertuous & honorable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge loue, and rase our suspition, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al grieses with patience, and in the absence of nature hath honored you with al dutie, as her own father by nouitute, not in word vittering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as conjecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in al her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favour. Her wisedome, silence, chastity, and other such rich qualities, I need not to descipher, only it restes for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If when soxune, who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intented Stratagem) to taunt Rosalynd with any surmisse of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnessses:

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witnesses: which proued, let her die; & Alinda wil execute the mas-  
sace. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, Use  
Justice my lord, it is the glory of a King; & let her live in your won-  
ted fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as compartner of her hard  
fortunes wil participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Tomismond (at this speech of Alinda) couerted his face with such  
a frowne, as eirany seemed to sit triuphant in his forehead, & cheare  
her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that only were bea-  
ters) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my lookes made thee  
so light of tongue, or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward,  
that thou daresst presume to preach after thy Father: I hath not my  
peeres more experience then thy youth, & the winter of mine age dee-  
per insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy florishing daies.  
The old Lion auoides the toyles, where the yong one leape into the  
nette & the care of age is prouident, and foresees much: suspition is a  
verre, wher a man holds his enemy in his bosome. Thou sond girle,  
measurest al by present affection, and as thy hart loves, thy thoughts  
censure: but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd, thou hast chese  
up a bird to peck out thine onnesies, thou wouldest intreat as much  
for her absence, as thou delightest in her presence. But why doe  
I alleadge pollcie to thee? sit downe hys wife and sat to your ned-  
die: idlenes make you so wanton, or libertie so malapart, I can  
quickly tie you to a sharper talke: and you (maide) this night be  
packing, either into Arden to your father, or whether best, it shall  
content your humour, but in the Court you shal not abide. This ri-  
gorous reply of Tomismond nothing dismayed Alinda, for still she  
prosecuted her plea in the deuise of Rosalynd, wishing her Father  
(if his censure might not be reverst) that he would appoynt her part-  
ner of her exile: which if he refused, either she would by some secret  
meanes stalle out and follow her, or else end her dayes with some  
desperate kinde of death. When Tomismond heard his daughter so  
resolute, his heart was so hardned against her, that he set downe a  
definitive and peremptory sentence, that they shold both be banish-  
ed: which presently was done. The Tyrant rather choosing to ha-  
zard the losse of his only child, then any waies to put in question the  
state of his kingdom: so suspitious & scaredful is the conscience of an  
bsurper. Wel alough his Lords perswaded him to retain his own  
Daughter, yet his resolution might not be reuerted, but both of them  
must

# golden Legacie

must away from the Court without either those company or delay  
So he went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladies alone;  
Rosalyn went very sad, and sat downe and wept. Alinda shee smil-  
led, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her, and then

shee gaue Alinda comfort to perplexed Rosalyn. *Adiutor  
consolans inquietum capit dabit.*  
**W**hy how now Rosalyn, dismaide with a frowne of contrary  
fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee say, that high mindes were  
discouered in fortunes contempt, and herioical scene in the depth  
of extremities? Thou wert wroght to tell others that complained of  
distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the only  
medicine for want, the precious iimplaster of content? being such a  
good Physician to others, wilchou not minister receipts to thy selfe?  
But perchance thou wile say, *Adiutor consolans inquietum capit dabit.*

Why then, if the patiences that are sickes of this disease can finde  
in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure thee (Rosalyn)  
admit of the councel of a friend, and apply the salues that may  
appease thy passions. I know grieuall, that being the daughter of a  
prince, that enup chwarteth thee with such hard exights, thynke that  
royalty is a faire marke, that Crownes haue tressles when mirth is  
in Cottage: that the soper the rose is, the soper it is britten with  
Carepillers, the more orent the Pearle is, the more apt to take a  
blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honou, so it hath much  
enuy. If then fortune affineth at the fayrest, be patient Rosalyn, for  
first by thyme exile thou gaest to thy father, nature is higher prizeth  
weale, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then  
all dignities: why then dooth my Rosalyn grieue at the frowne of  
Tolindon, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater  
pleasure: & more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou haue with  
thee Alinda a friend, who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy mis-  
fortunes, who hath lefe her father to follow thee, & chuseth rather to  
brooke al extremities then to forslake thy presence. What Rosalyn?

*Solamen misericordis habuissr doloris.*  
Cheerely woman, as we haue beene fellowes in roialty, we wil  
be fellow mates in pouerty: I wil euer be thy Alinda, and thou shal  
sue res to me Rosalyn; so shal the world ranonize our friendship,

# Euphues

and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merrily say (calling to mind our so repasted miseries:)

*Olim hac meminisse iuuabit.*

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after a fewe kind teares in the bosome of her Alinda, she gaue her hearty thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they shold trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie, saying: it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or accendant. Truly (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a so daune chise to preuent a misfortune? I thou seest am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person & apparel of a page, thou shal mistresse, & I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) what companie soeuer I come I will not be discovered: I will buy me a sute, and haue a Rapiere berie handsomly ar my Use, and if any knaue offert wrong, your page will shew him h point of his weapon. At this Alinda smilid, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewelis, which they trussed up in a Casket, & Rosalynd in all hast prouided her strobes, and Alinda being called Alieha, and Rosalynd Ganimedē, they traauailed along the Tyme yards, and by many ip-wayes, at last got to the Forrest side, where they traauailed for the space of two or three daies without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, & painted with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black ore began to tredae on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wonched royaltē: but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Founteain, compast with a groue of Cypresse trees, so curiously planted, as if some goddes had intreated Nature in that place to make her an arbor. By this Fountaine sate Alieha and her Ganimedē, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and ses as merrily as if they had bin in Paris with all the kings delicates: Alieha onely grieuing that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discouer them the waye to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimedē casting uppe his epe, espied where on a tree was engcauen certaine beeles, which alsoone as he espied,

# golden Legacie.

espied, he cryed out, he of good cheere mistresse. I spie the figures of men, for here in these trees be ingrauen certain verses of Shepheards or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they found in the barke of a pine tree, this passion.

## *Montanus Passion.*

**H**adst thou beene borne whereas perpetuall cold,  
Makes *Tanais* hard, and mountaines siluer old:

**H**ad I complainde vnto a marble stome,  
Or to the floods bewraied my bitter mone,

**I** then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

**B**ut euen the pride of countries at thy birth,

**V**hilst heauens did smile, did new array the earth,  
with flowers chiefe.

**Y**et thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,  
Hadst prettie lookes, but all attirde in scorner,

**H**ad I the power to weepe sweete *Mirrhas* teates,

**O**r by my plaints to pierce repining eares:

**H**adst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,

**T**o 'cerne the woes that doth my heart attaint,

**I** then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

**B**ut not my teares, but trueth with thee preuailes,

**A**nd seeming lowre my sorrowes thee assailes:

yen small relief.

**F**or if thou wilt thou art of Marble hard:

**A**nd if thou please, my sute shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed Shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull Shephearde, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therfore complained of the crueltie of his mistres. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of ware, that is fit for euerie forme: they delight to be courted, & then they glorie to seeme cope, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine, & this fault is so common to that sex, that you

# Euphues

See it painted out in the shepheardspassions, who sound his misbris  
as froward as he was enamored. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if  
your robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you are so sa-  
typical against women? Is it not a soule bird desites the owne nest?  
Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, per-  
chaunce you will make him leape so far from loue, that he wil anger  
every veine in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I heep decoym,  
I speake now as I am Aliena. Page, not as I am Geraswolds  
daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in de-  
fiance to the vittermost, that women are courteous, constant, vertu-  
ous, and what not. Say there (quoth Aliena) and no more words,  
for ponder bee characters grauen upon the bark of a Beech-tree, let  
vs see quoth Ganimede, and with that they read a fancie written to  
this effect.

First shall the heauens want starrie light,

The seas be robbed of their waues,

The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,

The night want shade, the dead men graues,

The Aprill flowers, and leafe, and tree,

Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hils,

By humble plaines be ouerpried,

And poete scorne the Muses quils,

And fish forsake the water glide,

And Iris lose her coloured weede,

Before I false thee at thy neede.

First disfulethat shall turne to peace,

And loue relent in deepe disdaine,

And death his fatal stroke shall cease,

And enuie pittie every paine,

And pleasure mourne and sorrow smile,

Before I talke of any guile.

First

# golden Legacie.

First time shall stay his stailesse race,  
And winter bleste his browes with corne,  
And snow hemoysten Julies face,  
And winter spring, and sumner mourne,  
Before my pen by helpe of fame, I comlye to say  
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

## Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one  
ful of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth Alena) but see I pray  
when poore women seeke to keepe themselues chaste, how men wos  
them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the  
Sirens, and after prouing as trechlesse as Aeneas. Thus promised  
Demophoon to his Phulis, but who at last grew more false: The  
reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and  
tooke the fault of their mother, soz if a man had growne from man,  
as Adam did from the earth, men had never bee he troubled with in-  
constancie. Leue off (quoth Alena) to taunt thus bitterly, or else  
tie pull off your Pages apparell and whip you, as Venus doth her  
Wantons with nettles. So you will [quoth Ganimede] perswade  
me to flatterie, and that needes not: but come, seeing we haue found  
here by this fount the trace of Shepheards by their Madrigalles  
and Roudelaires, leu vs forward, soz either we shall finde some  
solves, sheep eotes, or else some cottages wherem for a day or two  
to rest. Content (quoth Alena) and with that they rose bype, and  
marched forward till toward the eues: and then comming into a  
faire vallie compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many plea-  
sant shubbes, they might deserte where two flocks of sheepe did  
seede.

Then looking about, they might perceiue where an olde Shep-  
heard sate, and with him a pong swaine, vnder a couert most plea-  
santly scituated. The grounde where they sate was diapied with  
Floras riches, as she meant to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vell-  
menes: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most ca-  
riously planted Pine trees, interleamed with Limons & Cytrons,

which

# Euphues

which with the thicknes of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phebus could not prie into the secret of that Arboz, so united were the tops of so thicke a closure, that Venus might there in her iollitie, haue dallied vnsene with his dearest paramour: last by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font so Christaline & cleare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour sat these two Shepheards, seeing their sheepe feed) playing on their Pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie, falling into much amorous chat: drawing more nigh, we might discrie the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow: his face to be the verie portraiture of discontent, and his eies ful of woes, that living he seemed to die: we (to see what these two were) sole priuily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

*A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.*

*Coridon.*

**S**ay Shepheards boy, what makes thee greefe so sore,  
**V**Why leavest thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
**Y**ong are thy yeares, thy cheeke with Roses dight,  
**T**hen sing for ioy (sweete swaine) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy, and this climbing Pine  
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,  
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,  
Till Phebus daine all westward to decline.

*Montanus.*

**A**h (Coridon) vnierte is melodie,  
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:  
Slaine are my ioyes by Phebus bitter scorne,  
Far hence my weale, and neare my iopardy.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,  
Making a Phenix of my faithful heart:  
And though his furie do in force of my smart,  
Ah blith am I to honour his behest.

*Preparde*

## golden Legacie

Prepare to woes since so my *Phœbe* wils,  
My lookes dismaid since *Phœbe* wil disdaine:  
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine.  
So streme my teares as showeres from A pine hils.

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,  
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:  
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,  
I liue by that, which makes me liuing die.

Deuoyde of rest, companion of distress,  
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thoughts:  
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,  
Since I am rest of solace and delight?

*Coridon.*

Ah Lorel lad, what makes thee *Henry* loue,  
A sugred harwe, a poison ful of pleasure:  
A painted shrine fulfild with rotten treasure,  
A heauen in shew, a hel to them that proue,

A gaine in seeming, shadowed stil want,  
A broken staffe which folly doth vphold:  
A flower that fades with euery frosty colde,  
An orient Rose sprung from a withered plant,

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe,  
A subtil net to snare the idle minde:  
A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,  
A poore rejoyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy *Montanus* follow mine arreede,  
Whome age hath taught the traines that fancie vseth:  
Leave foolish loue for beautie wit abuseth,  
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

*Montanus*

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,  
And bird the snare, because it doth entrap.

E

And

## Euphues bly

And foole's true loue, because of soty hap,  
And sailers curse the shipp that ouerturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flaine,  
And birds beware to trust the foulers gyn:  
And foole's foreseen before they falle and sin,  
And masters guide their shippes in better fraine.

The childe wold praise the fire because it warmes,  
And birdes reioice to see the fouler faille:  
And foole's preuent, before their plague's preuale,  
And sailers blesse the barke that saues from harines.

Ah Coridon, though many be thy yeares,  
And crooked elde had some experiance left,  
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,  
In view of loue, whose power in me appears.

The ploughman little wots to turne the pen,  
Or booke-man skils to guide the ploughmans cart:  
Nor can the Cobler count the tearmes of arte,  
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,  
Vn capable of loues impression)  
Discourse of that, whose choise possession,  
May never to so base a man be tyed.

But I (whome nature makes of tender molde,  
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)  
Do build my hauen and heauen on sweete desire:  
On sweete desire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue, O how my lines aspites,  
Hast thou the Muses to imbrace my browes,  
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,  
And fil my braines with chaste and holy fire.

Then

# golden Legacie.

Then leaue my lynes their homely equipage,  
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne,  
Amazd I reade the stile when I haue done,  
And herry loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of *Phæbe* then, of *Phæbe* then I sing,  
Drawing the puritie of al the spheares,  
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,  
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

Influent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,  
I robbe both sea and earth of altheir states,  
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,  
To blesse the nymph that yeeldes me louesliche paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom foward wil  
Guides in the Labyrinth of restlesse loue,  
Feare lendes them pasture wherefoere they moue,  
And by their death their life renounceth stil.

My shephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed  
My paper, where my many woes are written:  
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)  
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,  
My dreames, my doubt, for *Phæbe* sweete to me,  
Who waiteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,  
And glorie shines where danger most appears.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,  
Blame me not man since sorrow is my sweete:  
So willeth loue, and *Phæbe* thinks it meete,  
And kind *Montanus* liketh well his lotte.

## Coridon.

Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided,  
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits

# Euphues

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,  
And folly payneth al that time prouided.

With wilful blindness bleard, prepared to shame,  
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles:  
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,  
Should make thee tract the path to endless blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) cursed is the charme,  
That hath bewitched so thy youthful eyes:  
Leave off in time to like these vanities,  
Be forward to thy good, flic thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* daily shields,  
As many frite as fleete on Oceans face,  
As many heards as on the earth do trace,  
As many floures as decke the fragrant fields.

As many startes as glorious heauen containes,  
As many stormes as wayward winter weeps,  
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes:  
So many grieves in loue, so many paines.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,  
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,  
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,  
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despaires.

Truce, warre, and woe, do waite at beauties gate:  
Time lost, laments, reports, and priuie grudge,  
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Judge,  
Who yeelds for seruice, shame: for friendship hate.

## *Montanus.*

Al Adder-like I stopt mine eares (fond swaine)  
So charme no more, for I wil never change,  
Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range,  
For lo, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius

# golden Legacie.

Terentius.

*In amore hec insunt vitia: inducie, inimicitie, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hec situ postules, ratione certa fieri nabilo plus agas, quam siiles operam, ut cum ratione insanas.*

The shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue, Alienā slept with Ganimede from behinde the thicket, at whose sodame sight the shepheards rose, and Alienā saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile (for such we deeme you by your flocks) & louers good luck (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnes of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as ful of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts; wandering this way in a forrest unknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauel, would faine haue soyme place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbor (be it never so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whomsoeuer shall bee mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so curiously, returned her mildly and reverently this answere.

Faire mistris, we returne you as heartie a welcomme as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, & this a louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his sheepe: ful of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admis neither of counsaille, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowful such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but reliue you I cannot: mary if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowde your selues in a shepheards cottage, my house for this nigh he shall be your harbor. Alienā thanckt Coridon greatly, and presently late her down, and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious suruey viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellency, and pitting her distresse, was desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosel) occasionate offence, or renew your grieves by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whether you wander with your Page in so dangerous a forrest. Alinda

## Euphues

(that was as courteous as she was faire) made this replie: Shepheard, a friendly demand ought never to be offensive, & questions of courtesie cartie privileged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore to discouer my fortunes, were to renue my sorowes, & I shal by discouering my mishaps, but take fire out of the cynders. Therefore, let this suffise gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great as my trouaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forest to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I mean to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, to become a shepheardeesse, meaning to live low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the swaine say, that they drunke without suspition, & slept without care. My mistresse quoth Coridon, if you meane so, you came in good time, for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and the ape you may haue them for ready money: and for a Shepheards life (oh Mistris) did you but live a while in theyr company, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here mistris shall not softune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it bexedes beggary, so it can be no extreme prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envie stres not vs, we couet not to climbe, our desites mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our foreparts. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we excede not ill diet, so wee haue inough to lauffie: and mistresse, I haue so much Latin, Satis quod est, suffic.

By my truth Shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with thy countrey life, and therfore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, and thou shalt still under me be overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page will serue you, leade the flockes to the field, & sold them: thus will I live quiet, unknown, & contented. The news so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he shoulde never be put out of his farme, that putting off his Shepheards bonnet, he did her al reverence that he myght. But al this while late Montanus in a mule, thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he woode long, but was in hope to win. Ganymede who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in al his actions was so unperious. At last when she had noted

his

# golden Legacie.

his teares that stole down his cheekes, & his sighes that stode from  
the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Cori-  
don why the yong Chepheaus looked so sorrowfull: Oth sir (quoth  
he) the bope is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards  
loue: I (quoth Montanus, and ouer loue, else sholdst not thou see  
me so penisue. Loue I tell thee is as precious in a shepheards eye,  
as in the looks of a king, and we countrie swaines entertaines fau-  
cie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection.  
Opportunitie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in  
our cottages, and loyalty the chiese fealtie that Cupid requireth  
is found more among shepheards then higher degrees. Then aske  
not if such sillie swaines can loue: what is the casse then quoth Ga-  
nimede that loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull:  
Because (quoth Montanus) the party beloued is froward: and ha-  
ving curtesie in her looks, holdeth disdaine in her tongues and  
what hath she then (quoth Aliena) in hart: Delsse I hope madam  
(quoth he) or else my hope lost, dispaire in loue were deach. As thus  
they chatted, the sunne being readie to set, and they not having sol-  
died their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sitte there with her  
Page, til Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You  
shall go quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing  
some amorous sonnet that he made when he haue been deeply passio-  
nate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus:

Montanus. read out loud

Phoebe late,

Sweete she late:

Sweete late Phoebe when I saw her.

White her brow,

Coy her eye:

Brow and eye how much you please me.

Words I spent,

Sighes I sent:

Sighes and words could never draw her.

Oh my loue,

Thou art lost:

Since no light could euer ease thee,

Phoebe

# Euphues

Phoebe fate,  
By a fount:  
Sitting by a fount I spide her.  
Sweet her touch,  
Rare her voyce:  
Touch and voyce, what may distaine you.  
As she fung,  
I did sigh:  
And by sighs whilest that I tride her.  
Oh mine eyes,  
You did looses  
Her first sight whose want did paine you:  
Phoebes flocks,  
White as wooll:  
Yet were Phoebes lookes more whiter.  
Phoebes eyes,  
Doulelike milde:  
Doulelike eyes, both milde and cruell.  
Montan sweares  
In your lamps:  
He will die for to delight her,  
Phoebe yeeld,  
Or I die.  
Shall true hearts be fancies fuel?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a low curtesie rose vp, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheep in the foldes: and after returning to Alena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues: he resoluing Alena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepheardeesse in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall to the Nymphes. But quoth he, as of al flowers the Diamond is most clearest, and yet most hard for the Lapidozie to cut, as of al flowers the Rose is the fairest and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our countrie Lasses Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoope unto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus,

who

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Who for his high pride against Loue, perished in the fall of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. A knida and Ganimede glad of so conuient a shelter, made hury with the poore swaine: and thought they had but countre fare and coulde lodg. ing: per their welcome was so greate, and their care so little, that they counted their dñe delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had bin in the Court of Torsimond. The next moorne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toile of unaccustomed traauale: but assoone as they got vp, Aliena resolued thare to set by their rest, and by the helpe of Coridons swayt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became mistris of the facme and of the flocke her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: tuerie daie leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no contraire the bosome of a Country Cottage. Leauing hit thus famous among the Shepheards of Arden, again to Saladine: who ney for me, was alwayes ready to rigour and flattery.

When Saladine had a long whille concealed a secret resolution of revenge, and coulde no longer hide sicke in the flare, nor oyle in the flame: ( for envy is like lightning, that wil appeare in the darkest fog. ) It chanced one morning very early he ealid up certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open he entred with his crue, and sappized his brother when he was asleepe, and bound hym in fetters, and in the midst of his hal chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this straige chance, began to reason with his byssher abour the cause of this sodaine extremitie, wherin he had wronge, and what fault he had committed wch by so sharpe a penauice. Saladine answered him only with a looke of disdain, and went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deep perplexity. Who thus abused fel into sundry passions, but no meanes of releefe could be had: whereupon for auer he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humor he continued two or three daies without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no food: he fel into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde seruant of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and loue he ought to his old master, felte a remoule in his conscience of his sonnes mishap, and therefore although Saladine had given a general charge to his seruants, that none of thē upon paine of death shd.

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give either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, & brought him such victuals as he could prouide, & unlockt him and set him at liberty'. After Rosader had wel feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aimed at revenge, & now (al being asleepe) he would haue quite Saladine with the method of his own mischiefe, but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir quoth he, be content, for this night go again into your old fettors, so shal you try the fauch of friends, & sau the life of an old seruante. To morrow hath your brother invited al your kindred and allies to a sollemyn breakfast, only to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Alsoone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladine. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, sicco pede, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leaue you unlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the Hall shal you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for me: When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaunes, and let vs play the men and make hauecke amongst them, & xive them oue of the house and maiutaine possession by force of armes, til the King hath made a redresse of your abuses. These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stode there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came al the guests bidden by Saladine, whome he intreated with courteous and curious entertainment, as they al perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hal where Rosader was tyed, were couered, and Saladine bringing in his guests together, shewing them where his brother was bound, and was inchaind as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, & with some inuictives made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladine, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his relife. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Vlysses, that were his words never so sonctible, he breathed onely his passions to the winde. They carelesse, sat downe with Saladine to dinner, being very frolike and pleasant, washing their heads wel with Wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale meale into their braines, they began iuatical speeches to rail against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaunes  
got

## golden Legacie

got a pollaxe in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, & drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the dooore, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good vittuals, he sent him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had take their repast, Rosader rampired by the house, lest upon a sodame his brother shoulde raise some crue of his tenants, and surprize them unawares. But Saladine took a contrarie course, and went to the sherrifffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giving credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fiftie and twentie tall men, and made a bow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in til he made him yeeld by farrin. In this determination, gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. Newes of this was brought to Rosader, who smilng at the cowardize of his brother, brooke all the iniurys of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the sherrifffe. As hee walke upon the battlements of the house, he desctried wher Saladine & he dwelt neare, with a troope of lustie gallants. At this he smild, & calld Adam Spencer, and shewed him the eniuious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the sherrifffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shall I do? I tress in me either to yeeld by the house to my brother, and seeke a reconcilement, or else issue out, and break through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I wil not be. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I be slaine, then my death shal be honourable to me, & so vnequal a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Whyn then maister forward and feare not, out amongst them, they be but fainthearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foote, say he is a bastard. These words cheered vp so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the sherrifffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader blookt say, leapt out and

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assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the peale in despight of them all, & Cooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse to set the Sheriff's hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised al the country, and made hue and cry after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secret waies that led through the Vinyards, sole away priuily through the province of Burdesaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune (who is like the Canallion) variable with euerie object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, bought to make them myrrors of mutabilitie, and therefore still strok them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by-waies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandered sine oy sydies without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreme, Adam Spenser (being olde) bega to faint, and sitting him down on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as steeble and as ill perplesed: which sight made him shed teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

## Adam Spencers speech.

Oh how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures end in paine, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blisome, either parched with the heate of enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friende, that in all thy deedes art stoward and fickle, delighting in the pouertie of the lowest, and the overthow of the highest, to decipher thy inconstancie: Thou benkest vpon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maist euer be restlesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying scownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, how profferest an eele, and perferrest a scorpion, and where thy greatest fauours be, there is the feare of the extremest

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misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) doest thou exclaime against fortune? She laughes at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, then to heare fooles boast in her fadynge allurements, or sorrowful men to discouer the fower of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe ouer hys crosses without care. Thou art old Adam, and thy haires ware white, the Palme tree is alreadie ful of bloomes, & in the furrowes of thy face appereas the kalenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeares could not be many, nor the date of thy life long; then sith nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this which grieueth me, nor do I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worshypes of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then do I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious to censure so hard extreemes, against a sonch of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeares, but come and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enrichi thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the mirror of her excellency: and now through the decree of the vnjust stars, to haue all these good parts nippes in the blade, and blemishe by the inconstancie of fortune. Ah Rosader could I helpe thee, my grieue were chalenge, and happy should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy relife: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I do: prevent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a metelesse sinne.

As he was ready to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, sayd: what cheere maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader liffed up his eye, and looking on Adam Spaccer, begā to weep. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieue at the maner of my death. Right I with my launce encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honor, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wild

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beast, and perissh as his pray, I were satissid, but to die with bfiger,  
¶ Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Maister (quoth he)  
you see we are both in one predicament, & long I cannot live with-  
out meate: seeing therfore we can find no food, let the death of the  
one preserue the life of the other. I am old, and ouerworne with  
age, you are yong, and are the hope of many honours, let mee then  
die, I will presently cut my veynes, and maister, with the warme  
bloud relieue your fainting spirites, suck on that til I end, and you be  
comforstid. With that Adam Spencer was readie to pull out his  
knife, when Rosader ful of courage, though verie faint, rose vp, and  
wist Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne: for my mind giues  
me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man  
he rose vp, and ranged vp and down the woods, seeking to encounter  
some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend  
Adā food, or else pledge his life in payne of his loyalty. It hapned  
that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France, banished by  
Torismond, who with a luyue crew of outlawes liued in that for-  
rest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bold peo-  
men, and frolickte it with stoe of wine and venison, sitting all at a  
long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees: to that place by chance  
fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of braue men,  
hauing stoe of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, hee  
stept boldly to the boordes end, and saluted the companie thus.

Whatsoeuer thou be that art maister of these lustie squires, I sa-  
lute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe  
that I & a fellow friend of mine, are heere famished in the forrest for  
want of food: perish we must, vntille relieved by thy fauours. Ther-  
fore if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and such as are e-  
uerie way worthy of life, let the proudest squire that sits at thy table  
rise and encounter with me in any honoorable point of actiuitie what-  
soeuer, and if he and thou prooue me not a man, send me away com-  
foxtlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I wil haue  
amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, then pe-  
rish with so cowardly an extream. Gerismond looking him earnest-  
ly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter passion  
was moued with so great pittie, that rising from the table, he tooke  
him by the hande and hadde him welcome, willing him to sitt  
downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but the  
Lord

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Lord of the feast. **G**hamercy sir ( quoth Rosader ) but I haue a feeble friend that lies here by famished almost for food, aged and therfore lesse able to abide the extremity of hunger then my selfe, & dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therfore wil I run and fetch him, & then wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Alway hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the newes, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feble he was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vp on his bache, & brought him to the place. **W**hich when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship: & Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. **W**el to be shote, those hungry squiers fel to their victuals, & feasted themselves with good dices, and great stoe of wine. Alsoon as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune haue them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way prejudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trouel. Rosader ( desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his fauorable Host, first beginning his exordium with a vollee of sighs, & a few luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, & tolde him from point to point all his fortunes, how he was the yongest sonne of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriff, and huring his men he fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I do much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) never failed me in al my misfortunes. **W**hen Gerismond heard this, he fel on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his fader sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithful a subiect he liued, and how honorable he died: promising (for his sake) to giue both him and his friend such curteous entercainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his **G**oressers. Rosader seeing it was the King, craved pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him the due reuerence, and humbly gaue him thankes for his fauorable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had beene lately in the Countrey of Torismond, & whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynd, or no: At this

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Rosader fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spriets together, he revealed to the King, how Rosalynd was banished, & how there was such a sympany of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupon the banisched King banished them both: and now they are mandeted none knowes whicher, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes draue the king into a great melancholly, that presently he arose from al the company and went into his priuychamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was al vashd at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leave them, and returne againe to Tormond.

The sight of Rosader came to the eares of Tormond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lands of sir Iohn of Burdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenewes, found just occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brothers: and therefore dispatching a herald, he sent for Saladine in al post hast. Who maruailing what the matter shold be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offendid his highnesse: but imboldned with his innocence, he boldly went with the herald unto the Court. Where as soone as he came, he was not admitted unto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly, in that the Tayler had straight charge ouer him, to see that he shold be close yprisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fal into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve and disquieted passions, he resolued into these tearmes.

Saladynes complaint.

**V**Nhappy Saladine, whome folly hath led to these imfortunes, and wanton desires whapt within the labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the heauens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with justice? Oh Saladine, the faults of thy youth, as they were sond, so were they soule: and not only discouering little nourture, but blemishing the excellency of nature, Whelpes of one litter are ever most louing

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louing, and brothers that are sonnes of one father, shoulde live in  
friendship without iarde. Wh Saladine, so it shoulde be: but thou  
hast with the Deare fedde against the winde, with the crabbe stroue  
against the stremme, and sought to peruerre nature by vnkindnesse.  
Rosaderes wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader ( Saladine ) cries for  
reuenge, his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance vpon thee,  
his vertues are pleas that inforce wittes of displeasure to crosse  
thee: thou hast highly abused thy kinde and natural brother, and the  
heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no  
king to the worke of conscience, no hel to a mind touched with gile.  
Every wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance ) wringeth  
a drop of bloud from my hart, every bad looke, every frowne pinch-  
eth me at the quicke, and saies, Saladine, thou hast sinned against  
Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some penance to dis-  
couer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the deynt of his passion, he was sent for to the King: who  
with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demanded  
of him where his brother was. Saladine made answer, that vpon  
some ryot made against the Sheriff of the shire, he was fled from  
Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither, Nay villaine ( quoth he ) I  
haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy brother since the  
death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and  
resolute Cheualier. Wherefore in justice to punish thee, I spare thy  
life for fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the Court & country  
of France, and see thy departure be within ten daies, els trust me  
thou shalt loose thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage,  
and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at this  
exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and penance of his  
former follies to traualle abroad in every Coast til he had found  
out his brother Rosader. With whom now I doe beginne.

Rosader being thus preferred to the place of a Forester by Ge-  
rismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnes by  
continual exercisise, trauersing the groves and wild Forrestes: part-  
ly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, & partly  
to shew his diligent indeuout in his masters behalfe. Yet whatso-  
ever he did, or howsoeuer he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde  
remained in memorie: on her sweete p:refections he fed his thoughts  
prouing himself like the eagle a true born bird, since that the one is

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knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellene beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie & place conuenient, desirous to discouer his woes in the wodds, hee ingraved with his knife on the bark of a Wit tree, to this perty estimate of his mistris perfection.

## Sonetto.

Of all chaste birdes the Phoenix doth excell,

Of all strong beastes the Lion beares the bell:

Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,

Of all faire maides my Rosalynd is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,

To al' high trees the Pine hath highest crest,

Of all soft sweetes, I like my mistris best,

Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proude birds the Eagle pleaseth *Jone*,

Of prettie foules, kind *Venus* likes the Doue:

Oftrees, *Minerva* doth the Olive loue,

Of all sweete Nymphs I honour Rosalynd.

Of all her gifis her wisedome pleaseth most,

Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:

For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,

If Rosalynd prooue cruel and unkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did euerie day eternize the name of his Rosalynd, and this day especially when *A liena and Ganymede* (inforced by the heate of the sun to secke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous foxester registred his melancholy passions : they saw the sodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his passionate sighes, they heard him ofte abruptly cal on Rosalynd, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honourable modestie. Wherupon gessing him to be in loue, & according to the nature of their sexe, being pitifull in that behalfe they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganymede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes Foxester: hast thou wounded some Deere, & lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fies was but the

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The skin, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters lucke to ay me faire  
and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike, and yet go without the  
game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena) his pas-  
sions are greater, and his sighes discouer more losse: perhaps in tra-  
velling these thickets, he hath seene some beautiful Nymph, and is  
growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath  
newly engrauen some Sonnet: come and see the discouerse of the For-  
resters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Ro-  
salynd, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede loo-  
king backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet  
thinking to shrowde al vnder her Dages apparel, he boldly retur-  
ned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tel me Forrester, what is this Rosalynd: for whom  
thou pinest away in such passions? Is she some Nymph that wailes  
vpon Dianas traime, whose chasticie thou hast deciphered in such  
Epichites? Or is she some Shepheardesse that haunts these plaines,  
whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou sha-  
dowest in couert vnder the figure of Rosalynd, as Ouid did Iulia,  
vnder the name of Cerinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalynd  
of whom we Shepheards haue heard talke, the (Forrester) that is the  
daunger of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Out-  
law in this forest of Arden. At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh,  
and said: it is she O gentle Swaine, it is she, that Swaine it is whom  
I serue, that Goddesse at whose swaine I doe bend all my deuotions,  
the most fairest of al faires, the Phenix of al that sexe, and the per-  
fity of al earthly perfection. And why [gentle Forrester] if she be so  
beautiful, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy  
thoughts? Happily she resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but  
ful of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorioues  
as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is dead-  
lie: So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet vnkinde: ful of  
fauour, and yet froward: cop without wit, and disdainful without  
reason.

O Shepheard quoth Rosader, knewest thou her personage graced  
with the excellencye of al perfection, being a harbo<sup>r</sup> wherein the  
Graces shrowd their vertues: thou wouldest not breath out such blas-  
phemie against the beauteous Rosalynd. She is a Diamond, bright,

# Euphues

but not hard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so oxient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a Rose without prickles, & a prynesse absolute, as wel in beautie, as in vertue. But I, vnhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamored my self of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainefull, but far more chaste then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Juno, and shal (I feare) embrase nought but a cloude. Ah Shepheard, I haue reache at a star, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princesse, whose honours are too high to boughsake such base loues.

Why Forrester quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe, be blithe and frolike man. Loue sowseth as low, as she soareth high, and Cupid shoothes at a rag assoone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curios, sparkled fauour on pale-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, wemens lookes are not tied to dignities feather, nor make thy curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart never wonne faire lady. But where liues Rosalynd now, at the Court?

Oh no quoth Rosader, she liues I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Corismond, and that is my hell: for might I but find her sacred personage, & plead before the barre of her piecie, the plaint of my passions, hope tells me she would grace me with some fauor: and that would suffice, as recompence of al my former miseries: much haue I heard of my mistris excellency, and I know forrester thou canst describe her at the ful, as one that hath suruaged al her parts with a curios epe, then do that fauour to tell me what her perfections be. That I will quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eates wonder at my mistresse excellency. And with that he pulde a paper forth his bosome, wherein he read this.

## *Rosalyns description.*

Like to the cleare in highest spheare,  
Where all imperiall glory shines,  
Of else same colours is her haire,  
Whether vntolded or in twines:

Heigh ho faire Rosalyn.

Her eyss are Saphires set in snow,

Refining

# golden Legacie.

Refining heauen by euerie wincke:  
The Gods do feare when as they glow,  
And I do tremble when I thinke,

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheeke are like the blushing cloude,  
That beautifies *Auroraes* face,  
Or like the siluer Crimson shroude,  
That *Phaebus* smiling lookes doth grace:

Heigh ho fayre *Rosalyn*.

Her eyes are like to budded Roses,  
Whom rakes of Lillies neighbour nigh,  
Within which bounds she blame incloses,  
Apt to intice a Deitie:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately tower,  
Where loue himselfe imphisone lies,  
To watch for glaunces euery house,  
From her diuine and sacred eyes,

Heigh ho for *Rosalyn*.

Her paps are centers of delight,  
Her paps are robes of heavenly frame,  
Where nature molds the dew of light,  
To feede perfection with the same:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with Rubie red,  
With Marble white, with Rubie blew,  
Her body euery way is fed,  
Yet soft in touch and sweete in view:

Heigh ho, faire *Rosalyn*.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,  
The Gods are wounded in her sight,  
And loue forsakes his heauenly fires,  
And at her eyes his brand doth light:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.  
Then muse not Nymphs though I be none,

# Euphues

The absence of faire Rosalynd,  
Since for her faire there is fairer, none,  
Nor for her vertues so diuine.

Heigh ho faire Rosalynd,  
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.

*Perit, quia desperat.*

Beleeue me (quoth Ganimede) either the fforrestier is an er-  
rante painter, or Rosalynd far aboue wonder: so it makes me blush to  
heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnpesfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus, Truly gentle  
page thou hast cause to complaine thee, were thou the substance but  
resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellencye inough  
to be like the excellencye of nature. He hath answered you Ganimede,  
quoth Aliena, it is inough for Pages to waite on beautiful Ladies,  
and not to be beautiful themselues. Oh mistris (quoth Ganimede)  
hold you your peace, for you are partial: Who knowes not, but that  
all women haue desire to tie louetaigne to their peticoates, and as-  
cribe beautie to themselues, where it boyes mighte put on their gar-  
ments, perhaps they would prooue as comely, if not as comelie, as  
courteous. But tel me fforrestier, (and with that she turne to Rosa-  
der) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke: Gentle Swaine, by  
der the King of Outlawes, sayd he, the unfortunate Gerismond,  
who hauing lost his kingdom, crowneith his thoughts with contente,  
accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, then  
great men in danger. But hast thou not said she, (hauing so melan-  
choly oportunitie as the fforrest affordeth thee) written more son-  
nets in commendacions of thy mistris: I haue gentle Swaine quod he,  
but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of day, if your flockes  
feed in these pastures, I wil bring them you: wherein you shal reade  
my passions, while I feele them, iudge my patience when you reape  
it: til when, I bid farewell. So giuing back Ganimede & Aliena a  
gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leauing them to their  
privie prattle. So Ganimede (sald Aliena the fforrestier being gone)  
you are mightily beloued, men make ditties in your praise, spend  
lythes for you sake, make an swoll of your beauty: surely it grieses  
me not alittle to see the poore man so penitue, and you so viuuelle.

Ah Aliena (quoth she) be not pereshippe in your judgementes, I  
heare

## golden Legacie.

heart Rosalynd praid as I am Ganymede, but were I Rosalynd,  
I could answere the Foxeller, if he meddrie for loue, there are me-  
dicines for loue: Rosalynd cannot be saire and vnkinde. And so Ma-  
dame you see it is time to solds our flockes, or els Coridon wil  
frown, & say you wil never preue good huswif. Which that they put  
their sheepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons  
toggage, Aliena as inry as might be, that she was thus in þ com-  
pany of her Rosalynd: but the poore soule, that had loue her load-  
starre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancy, coulde  
take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate pen-  
nance poore Rosader was enioyned to by Loueland Fortune: that at  
last he fel into this humore with hit selfe. þt answere to þt  
conduyns shal be shewyd to þt  
a mordre Rosalynde passionate alone.

**A**h Rosalynde, how the fates haue set downe in their Hynode to  
make thee unhappy: for when fortune hath done her worst, then  
Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: She seekes to lode her son  
in thine eyen, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond  
gentle, he is an vnruley guest to harbour: for entring in by intreats, he  
will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as  
no water is able to quench. Haest thou not hewe Venus seekes to  
wrap thee in her Labirinth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but  
within, sorwes, faires, and discontent: she is a Syren, stoppe thine  
earnes at her melody: she is a Basiliske, shut thine eyes and gaze not  
at her lest thou perish. Thou art nowe placed in the countrey con-  
tent, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those  
Lawnds where thy flockes feede, Diana hauntes: be as her nymphs  
chaste, an enemyn to loue: for there is no greater honour to a maide,  
than to account of Fancie as a mortall foe to their sere. Daphne,  
that bonny wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets  
faine, but for her chasity her fame was immortall, resembling the  
lawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steppes Rosalynde,  
and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court  
whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be tent-  
ed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes,  
feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, lest  
louing in haste, thou repent chee at leisure. Ah but yet Rosalynd, it is  
Rosader that courts thee, on who as it is beautifull, so he is vertit.

## Euphues

gus, and harboreth in his minde as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therfore Rosalynd stoope to Loue, least being either too cop, or too cruel, v enus wazeth wach and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynd thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Alienā, who said it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was risen in the Noorth. Therempon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest, al but the poore Rosalynd, who was so ful of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner slept from the bed of Aurora, but Alienā was wakened by Ganimede: who restlesse al night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to go to the field to vnsold their sheep. Alienā (that spied wher the hare was by the houres, & could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, & therfore replied thus: What wanton: the Sunne is but new vp, & as yet Iris riches lies folded in the holome of Flora. Phœbus hath not vp the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fit to leade the sweape abroad: lest the dew being unwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old prouerb true, he is in baste whom the diuel dyves: and where loue pricks forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there faine in thine eye, and passions in thy heart: What, hast thou wazeth loue in thy lookes: and set al thy thoughts on fire by affection: I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quenched as that of Aetna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue faculty attractive like the icat, & retentive like the Diamond: they dallie in the delighe of faire obiects, tyl gazing on the Panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a devouring panch. Come on (quod Ganimede this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie stil a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shike carres no paulme, and therfore vp and away. And so loue let me alone, Ile whip him awaie with Nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therfore look you to your self, be not to bold, for Venus can make you bend: not too cop, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that wil make you cry Peccas: And that it is (quoth Alienā) that hath raised you so early this

## golden Legacie

this morning. And with that she slipt on her petticoate, and start vp: and assoone as she had made her readie, & taken her breakfast, away go these two with the bagge and bottles to the field, in moze pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Count of Ormond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, he smilid, and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes sweeting, for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deepe prayers no doubt to Venus, that she may make you as pitiful as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe *memento*, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroade this morne, in contemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynd. Take heede forrester, step not too far, the Foord may bee deepe, and you slip ouer the shooes: I tel thee, flies haue their spleen, the ants choller, the least hantes shadowes, & the smallest loues greate desires. Its good (forrester) to loue, but not to ouer-loue, lest in louing her that likes thee not, thou solde thy selfe in an endlesse Laborinth. Rosader seeing the faire shephearde, and her prettie swaine, in whose compantie he felte the greatest ease of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner.

Gentle Shepheards all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happie in content. Loue is restlesse, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that there I find busie thoughts, & broken slumbers: here, (although euerie where passionate) I brooke loue with moze patience, in that every obiect seedes mine eye with varietie of facies: when I looke on Floras beauteous capistrie, checkered with the pride of al her treasures, I cal to mind the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hue exceeds the rose & lillie in their highest excellency: the brightnesse of *Phæbus* shme, puts me in mind to thinke of the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and sette my heart first on fire: the sweete harmony of the birds puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchanter the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I saw my sorrows, with applying the perfection of every obiect to the excellency of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (qu. Aliena) & so much, that I  
h  
haue

# Euphues

haue ofte wylt with my selfe, that if I shold euer prove as amorous  
as Oenore, I myght finde as faythful a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item Forrester, (quoth Ganimede) the faire  
shepheardeesse fauors you, who is mistres of so many flockes. Leaue  
off man y suspition of Rosalynd loue, wheras watching at her, you  
roue beyond the Moone, and cast your looks vpon my mistris, who  
no doubt is as faire, though not so royal, one bird in the hand, is  
worth two in the wood : better possesse the loue of Aliena, then  
catch fruoslously at the shadow of Rosalynd.

Ile tel thee boy, quoth Ganimede. so is my fancy fixed on my  
Rosalynd, that were thy mistres as faire as Leda or Danae, whom  
Ioue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to  
entertaine their beauties : and so hath Loue lockt me in her per-  
fections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then  
absolutely possesse the excellencye of another. Venus is too blame  
(Forrester) if having so true a servant of you, she rewardeth you  
not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more faire then her selfe.

But leauing this prattle, now ile put you in mind of your promise,  
about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your lode. I  
haue them about me, quoth Rosader, let vs sit downe, and then you  
shal heare what a Poetrical fury Loue wil infuse into a man : with  
that they late downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig trees,  
and Rosader fetching a deep sigh, reade them this Sonnet.

## Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe.  
But wakynge woes were iealous of mine eyes,  
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,  
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:

Yet fayre for her they wept who guides my hear,  
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,  
Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with loue,  
Where Cupid bowseth his faire fethered wings,  
But I behold what paines I must approue.

Care drinkest it dry, but when on her I thinke,  
Loue makes me weepe it ful vnto the brink,

# golden Legacie.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,  
By them the windes inceast and fiercely blow:  
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appears,  
And by their force, with greater power doth glow.  
Amids these paines, al Phoenix like I thiuic,  
Sith loue that yeelds me death may lise reviue.

*Rosader en esperance.*

Now surely Forrester, quoth Aliena, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quanbarie, neither too feareful, as dispaiting of thy mistis fauors, nor too glesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonnetoes, Canzones, Padrigals, rounds, and roundelaires that these penitue patiens poure out, when their eyes are more ful of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wesp in an endlesse labozinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humors in their inckpot. If they find women so sond, that they wil with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorgde with pleasures: and then slie they away (like ramage Rutes) to their owne content, leauing the same foole their mistres ful of fancie, yet without euer a seaher. If they misse (as dealing with some warie wanton, that wants not such a one as theselues, but spies their subtily) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their Mistres is cruel, and they smother passions with patience. Such gentle Forrester we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the tyme heere in these woddes with writing amores, then to bee deeply enamored (as you say) of your Rosalynd. If you be such a one, then I pray God, when you think your fortune at the highest, and your desires to be most excellent, then that you map with Ixion, embrase I uno in a clowd, & haue nothing but a marble Mistress to release your martirdome: but if you be true and trusse, sic-painde and heart sick, then accursed be Rosalynd if she prooue cruel: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as she. Aliena syping the sloyne by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flew to the fist without any call: but Rosader, who

# Euphues

tooke him flat for a shepheards Swaine, made him this answer.

Trust me Swaine ( quoth Rosader ) but my Canzon was written in so much humor : for mine eies and mine hart are relatives, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertayning her by sorrow. If thou sawest me Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her : then wouldest thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had bin Aeneas Dido, had Venus and luno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellency (despight of them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had beene as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both so honorabile and excellent as she: neither had the Philibert-tree sorrowed in the death of dispairing Phillis, nor the storres haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had beene trustie to their Paragons. I wil tel thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and see what deepe impressions of her Idea affection hath made my heart: then wouldest thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why ( quoth Aliena ) needes there patience in loue? Dries in nothing ( quoth Rosader ) for it is a restlesse soore, that hath no ease, a canker that stil fretts, a deuse that taketh away al hope of sleepe. If then so many sorowes, suddaine topes, momentarie pleasures, continual feares, daily grieses, and nightly woes to be found in loue, then is not he to be accounted patient, that smoothes al these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experiance ( quoth Ganimede ) and therfore we hold al thy words for Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie, Is it ( quoth he ) either extreme or meane, according to the mind of the partie that entertaines it : for as the weedes grow longer vntoucht than the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quartie, when the Emerald is suffering the Lapidaries toole : so meane men are freed from Venus hurtles, when kings are enuironed with a laboxinth of feares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more pure the Christolite, the sooner staines : and such as haue their harts ful of honour, haue their loues ful of the greatest sorowes. But in whomsoeuer ( quoth Rosader ) be fixeth his dart, he never leaneth to assault him, til either he haith woone him to folly or fancies: for as the Woone never goes without the flat Lunis queso a Louer

# golden Legacie.

Louer neuer goeth without the brest of his thoughts. For proesse  
you shal heare another fancy of my making. Now doe gentle Rose-  
ter (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read ouer his Sonnetto.

whole book two vols. vnto the countrey to  
Rosader's second Sonetto.

Turne I my lookeſ unto the Skies,  
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eyes:  
If ſo I looke vpon the ground,  
Loue then every flower is found.  
Search I the ſhade to ſlie my paine,  
He meeteſ me in the ſhades againe.  
Wend I to walke in ſecret groue,  
Euen there I meet with ſacred loue.  
If ſo I baine me in the ſpring,  
Euen on the brinke I heare him ſing:  
If ſo I meditate alone,  
He wil be partner of my mone.

If ſo I morne, he weepes with me,  
And where I am, there wil he be.  
When as I talkte of Rosalyn, the God ſent to diue  
The God from coynelie wacheth kinde:  
And ſeemes in ſelte ſame flane to ſay,  
Because he loues as we haſt. I ſay to him a ſay  
Sweete Rosalyn for pitteſt rue,  
For why then loue I am more truceſſe  
Heiſt ſped wil quickly ſue,  
But in thy loue I live and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader. Sharp quoth Gani-  
mede, for the penwile for the paſſion il: for as I paſſe the one, I  
pity the other, in that thou wouldest hunt after a Clowde, and loue  
either without reward or regard. Tis neither forwardneſſe ( quoth  
Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose deſtinies haue croſt me with  
her abſence: for did ſhe feele my loues, ſhe wouldest not let me ſinger in  
theſe ſorrows. Women, as they are faite, ſo they reſpect faſh, and  
eſtimate moſe (iſ they be honorable) the wil than the wealth, hauing  
loyaltie the obiect whereat they payne their fanſies: But leauing off  
theſe enterparleys, you shal heare my laſt Sonetto, and then you

# Euphues

hane heard all my Poetrie, and with that he slyed out this.

## Rosader's third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,  
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaine:  
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,  
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.

Thus for my faith I onely heare the bell,  
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch shrowd his *Lauraes* prais,  
And Tasso ceale to publish his affect,  
Sith mine the faith confirme at al assaies,  
And hers the faire, which all men do respect.

My lines her faire, her faire my faith assuere,  
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me indure.

Thus quoth Rosader, here is an end of my Poemis, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him that in the depth of his distresse, hath nowe but the echo to answere him. Ganimede pitting her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, sayd that nowe the Sunne was in his meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we Shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner, for the sunne and our stomackes are Chep. heards Dials. Therefore Forster, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome hal answere whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Alena tooke the entertainment by the end, and tolde Rosader hee shold be her guest. Hee thankte them heartily, and sate with them downe to dinner, where they had such rates as country faine did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farrre more sweete then all their Country winkets.

As soone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thankes for his good cheere, would hane beene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay Forster, quoth he, if thy busynesse be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deepe in loue, let me see how thou canst woo, I wil represent Rosalynd, & thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader, see

# golden Legacie.

in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how  
thou couldest court her, and while we sing of loue, Alienay shall  
tune her pipe and play his melodie. Content quoth Rosader. And  
Aliena she to shew her willingness, drew forth a recorder, and be-  
gan to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

## The wooing Eglogue betweene Rosa- lynd and Rosader.

*Rosader.*

I pray thee Nymph by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighs that louers know,  
Or what our thoughts or toltering tongue affords.  
I craue for mine in ryping vp my woe.  
Sweete Rosalynd my loue (would God my loue)  
My life, (would God my life) aye pittie me:  
Thy lips are kinde and humble like the doue,  
And but with beautie pittie will not be.  
Looke on mine eyes madered with ruthfull teares,  
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:  
All pale in lookes, and I though yong in yeares,  
And nought but loue or death my daies befriendeth,  
O let no stormie rigor knit thy browes,  
Which loue appoynted for his mercie seate,  
The talleit tree by Boreas breath it bowes,  
The iron yeelds with hammer and with heate.  
Oh Rosalynd then be thou pittiful,  
For Rosalynd is onely beautifull.

*Rosalynd.*

Loues wantons arme their traitorous sutes with teares,  
With vowes, with oathes, with looks, with showers of  
But when the fruit of their affects appeares, (gold,  
The simple heart by subtile slights is sold.  
Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned baite,  
Thus feedes the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,  
Thus glut the thoughts themselves on selfe deceit,  
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

The

## Euphues

The louely looks, the sighs that storme so sore,  
The dew of deepe dissembling doublenesse:  
These may attempt, but are of power no more,  
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastnes.

Oh Rosader then be thou wittifull,  
For Rosalynd scornes foolish pittifull.

Rosader.

I pray thee Rosalynd by those sweete eyes,  
That staine the sunne in shine, the Moone in cleare,  
By those sweete cheekes wher loue incamped lies,  
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.  
I tempt thee Rosalynd by ruthful plaints,  
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile:  
But firme in paine, far more then tongue depaints,  
Sweete Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile,  
So may the heauens preferue from hurtfull food,  
Thy harmelesse flocks, so may the summer yeeld,  
The pride of al her riches and her good,  
To fayre thy sheepe (the Citizens of field)  
Oh leave to arm thy louely browes with scorne,  
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:  
And louers nought but sighs and bitter morne,  
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.

Oh Rosalynd, then bee thou pittifull,  
For Rosalynd is onely beautifull.

Rosalynd.

The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame,

Rosader. And Rosalynd my loue that any wooll more softer,

And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame,

Rosalynd Where louers true, maides would beleue them ofter,

Rosader Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue,

Rosalynd Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie,

Rosader Oh pittie me sweete nymph, and do but prooue,

Rosalynd I will resist, but yet I know not why:

Rosader Oh Rosalynd be kind, for times will change,

Thy looks ayne nill be faire as now they be:

Thine age from beaute may thy looks estrange,

Ah yeeld in time sweete nymph and pittie me.

Rosalynd

# golden Legacie.

*Rosalyn* Oh Rosalyn thou must be pittifull,  
For Rosader is yong and beautifull:

*Rosader* O gaine more great then kingdomes or a Crowne.

*Rosalyn* O trust betraide if Rosader abuse mee.

*Rosader* First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,  
And heauens and earth as abiect quite refuse me,  
Let sorrowes streme about my hatefull bower,  
And wretchedesse horror hatcht within my breast,  
Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lower,  
Let deepe dispaire pursue me without rest,  
Ere Rosalyn my loyalty disproue,  
Ere Rosalyn accuse me for vnkind,

*Rosalyn* Then Rosalyn will grace thee with her loue,  
Then Rosalyn will haue thee still in minde.

*Rosader* Then let me triumph more then Tuhons deare,  
Sith Rosalyn will Rosader respect,  
Then let my face exile his sory cheere,  
And frolike in the comfort of affect,  
And say that Rosalind is onely pittifull,  
Sith Rosalyn is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of some goods fortunes to light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now we Forrester, haue I not fittid your turne? haue I not plaide the woman handomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in garments, as courteous in desires, and bin as ful of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue al, iumpe I not at vppre with the sweete vnioun of loue? Did not Rosalyn content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalyn, but as Ixion did Juno, who thinking to possesse a goddesse, onely imbraced a cloude; in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselues with Zeuxes painted grapes, but they grew so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were gladde with A-sops cocke, to scrape for a barly cornell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my mistis fauours, soote my

## Euphues

selfe in thy sutes, and onely in contente reape a wylled for contente : but if my foode be no better then such amorous dyaemes, enus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane Louer. Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, do deuine some unsained end of ensuing fancies. And there vpon, quoth Aliena. Ile play the Priest, from this day forth Ganimede shal cal thee husband, and thou shal cal Ganimede wife, and so weele haue a mariage. Content quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose : and so with a smile and blush, they made by this feasting match, that after gioued to a mariage in earnest : Rosader ful little knowing he had woode & wonne his Rosalynd.

But al was wel, hope is a sweet string to harp on, and therfore let the Forrester a while sharp himselfe to his shaddow, and carry Fortunes leisure, til she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse and therfore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pin, vniuersall there were some cheere, nor that bargaine wel made, that was not striken by with a cup of wine : and therfore the wild Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceite these cates to be a most sumptuous banke, and to take a Mazer of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalynd, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant drutes. Til al last Aliena percloued that he wold tarry no man, and that she shunne waked very low, ready to set : which made her shou-ten their amorous prattle, and end the Banquet with a fresh Cource : which done, they al three arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now Forrester, Phebus that al this while hath been partaker of our spoyls seeing euery woodman more fortunate in his loues, than he in his fancies, seeing thou haue wonne Rosalynd, when he could not woe Daphne, hides his face for shame, & bids vs adiew in a clowd. Dur heere, the poore wantous wander owards their solos, as caught by nature their due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Charly though there were a mariage, yet I must carry this night the bride with me, and to morrow morning if you me see vs heere, Ile promis to deliuer you her as good a maid as I find her. Content quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so foyld to doate on loue:

# golden Legacie

and so til to morrow you to your soalds, and I wil to my lode: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena & Ganimede went & followed their flocks, & taking vp their hookes, their bags, and their boordes, bied homeward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme shorte, began to prattle with Ganimede thus: I haue heard them say: that what the Fates forespouse, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the Starres are sticklers in Venus court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destiny: if it be so, then by al probable conjectures, this match wil be a mariage: for if Augurisme be authentical, or the Diuines doomes, principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods forse the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing content of your affections: so longe it be, I hope (in earnest) to haunge at your wedding. Thus quoth Ganimede, al is not vauit that is cast on the Ril, there goes moare words to a bargaine then one, loue feeleth no footing in the ayre, and fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but he may misse his matke: but if Fortune be his friend, I wil not be his foe: and I pray you (gentle Mistres Aliena) take it. I take al things wel, quoth she, that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts wil be at quiet: your eye that euer looketh at loue, wil not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they wil proue more burome, and you more blithe, for the eies of the master feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in that, they spied old Coridon where he came plodding to meet them: who told them supper was readie, which newes made them speed them home. Where we wil leaue them til the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux, and the Court of France by Torismond) wonder vp and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to gette to Lyons, and so trauel through Germanie into Italy: but the forrest being ful of by-paths, and he unskillful of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Dezart, not far from the place where Gerismond was & his brother Rosader. Saladine wearie with wauding vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a litle caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did afford, and con-

# Euphues

enting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and  
thirst made delicate, he after his repast fel into a dead sleepe. As  
thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue  
for pray, and espying Saladine, began to leaze upon him: but seeing  
he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Li-  
ons hate to pray on dead carckasses, and yet desirous to haue some  
foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre.  
While thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her  
Champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader  
Chauing striken a Deere, that but lightly hurt, fled through the thic-  
ket) came packing downe by the groue with a Woare-speare in his  
hand in great haste, hee espyed where a man lay asleepe, and a Lion  
sat by him: amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing, his nose on a  
sodaine bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.  
Wherupon drawing more nigh, he might easilly discerne his visage,  
and perceiving by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine,  
which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at  
the sight of so vnipected a chaunce, maruailing what shold drinke  
his Brother to traerse those secret desarts without any compaines,  
in such distressed and forlorny sorte. But the present time trayning  
no such doubting ambages, for hee must either reselue to hazard  
his life in his resue, or else steale away, and leaue him to the cru-  
eltie of the Lion. In which doubte hee thus briesly debated with  
himselfe.

## Rosader's meditation.

**N**ow Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with met-  
tles, meanes to salue thee with Roses, and hauing crost thee  
with many frownes, now she presents thee with the brightnesse of  
her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of  
all men, maist account thy selfe the most fortunat<sup>e</sup> among<sup>st</sup> men, if  
fortune can make men happy, or sweete reuenge be waapt in a plea-  
sing content. When seest Saladine thyne enemie, the worker of thy  
misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thy exile, subiect to the cru-  
eltie of a merciless Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods,  
that they might seeme just in reuenging his iugor, and thy iniuries.  
Seest thou not how the staires are in a sauourable aspect, the pla-  
nets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy  
thoughts, and the Destinies performers of thy desires, in that Sa-  
ladine

## golden Legacie.

Saladin shall die, and thou be free of his bloud: he receiuers need for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Nowe Rosader shall thou returne vnto Burdeaux, and injoy thy posses-  
sions by birth, and his reuenerewes by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang foxunes alters with garlands: For when Rosalynd heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chrysecoll, that is e-  
uer vnperfect, vnlesse tempered with gold: and Jupiter soonest en-  
topes Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shal this Lion(Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from vi-  
stresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his  
Boare-speare vpon his necke, away he began to trudge. But he had  
not stapt backe two or three paces, but a new motion strooke him to  
the verie heart, that resting his boare-speare against his breast, he  
fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, were thou the sonne of John of Burdeaux, whose  
vertues exceeded his valure, and the most hardiest knight in  
all Europe: Should the honour of the father shone in the actions of  
the sonne, and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the  
nature of a gentleman: Did not thy father at his last gaspe breath  
out this golden principle: Brothers amitie is like the droppes of  
Balsamum, that salueth the most dangerous sores: Did hee make  
a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse: Oh Rosader, what though Saladin hath wronged thee, and made  
thee liue an exile in the forrest, shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy  
nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismal  
a reuenge: what, to let him be devoured by wild beasts: *Non sapis, quis non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames.  
Loose not his life Rosader, to winne a world of treasure: for in ha-  
ving him, thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou  
gettest a friende, and reconciles an enemie: and more honour shalt  
thou purchase by pleasing a foe, then reuenging a thousand iniu-  
ties.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouse him-  
selfe: whereupon Rosader suddenly charged him with the Boare-  
speare, and wounded the Lion very soore at the first stroake. The  
beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and  
with his pawes gaue him a soore pinch on the breast, that he had al-  
drue. 112

## Euphues

most faine, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir John of Burdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in shose combate slew the Lion, who at his death roared so loude, that Saladinne awaked, and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereas vpon (as a man in a trance) he stode staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last hee burst into shese tearmes. Sir, whatsoeuer you be, (as ful of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour.) I perceue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and sau'd my life with thine owne losse: which tyes me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due, and moxe thou canst not haue, for my abilities denie mee to perforne a deeper debt. Yet if any waies it please thee to command me, use me as far as the power of a poore Gentleman wil stretch.

Rolader seeing hee was vñknowne to his brother, wondred to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, he made this answere. I am sir (what soeuer thou art) a forester, and a raunger of these walkes, who following my Deere to the fal, was conducted hicher by some attening face, that I might sau'e thee, & disparage my selfe. For coming into this place, I saw thee asleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising he might pray vpon thy carcasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a gentleman (for al mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the parte of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliexe, though with the losse of mine owne bloud, which I haue performed (thou seest) in mine owne preiudice. If therfore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior lineaments, make discourse vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes: but whatsoeuer, on howsoeuer, let me craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladinne sitting downe, and fetching a deep sigh, began thus.

Saladines discourse to Rolader

Although

## golden Legacie.

Although the discourse of my fortunes bee the renewing of my sorowes, and the rubbing of the scar, will open a fresh wound, yet I may not proue ingratefull to so courteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, then giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (Sir) that I am of Burdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht further then the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren commited by my father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens me lone into my humane eare. But I with (Ulysses) became deafe against his Philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit then of vertus, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle brother to the Universitie to be a Scholester counting it knough if he myght porre on a booke while I feed on his reuenewes: and for the yongest, which was my fathers yong, yong Rosader. And with that naming of Rosader, Saladine sent him downe and wept. Nay forward man (quoth the forester,) teares are the unfittest salue that man can apply for to cure sorowes, and therfore cease from such femeine follies, as shold drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of gentlemans looks to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from my eyes, and bloud from my heart, was like my father in exterior per-  
sonage, & in inward qualities, for in the prime of his peares he ap-  
med at his aces at honour, & coueted rather to die, then to brooke any iniurie unwarthy a gentlemans credite. I whom enuie had made blinde, and couetousnesse masked with the vail of selfe loue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to supprese it being a twig, but nature wil haue her course, the Ceder will be tall, the diamonds bright, the carbuncle glistering, & vertue will shine though it bee neuer so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and vsed him as one of my seruile hindes, vntil age grew on, and a secret iugement of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could

not

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not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, & to lise  
of himselfe. To be shorē sir, I repined at his fortunes, & he cou-  
tercheckt me not with abilitie but valour, vntil at last by my friends  
& aide of such as followed gold more then righte or vertue, I banishe  
him from Burdeaux, and he poore Gentleman, lues no man knows  
where, in some distressed content. The Gods not able to suffer  
such impiety vnguented, so wrought, that the King pickt a cause-  
lesse quarrel against me, in hope to haue my landes, and so hath  
exiled me out of France for ever. Thus, thus sir, am I the most  
miserable of al men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the  
wrongs I pessered Rosader, and a couch in my estate to be thowne  
from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with ma-  
ny grieves, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgryme  
like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him  
in al submissiōn, and afterward wend to the holie Land, to end my  
peares in as many vertues, as I haue haue spent my youth in wicken  
vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began  
to compassionatē his sorowes, and not able to smother the sparkes  
of nature with fained secrecy, he burst into these louing speches.  
Then know Saladine, quoth he, that thou hast met with Rosader,  
who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to seele the bur-  
then of thy miserie.

Saladine castig by his eie, and noting wel the phisnomie of  
the Forester, knew what it was his Brother Rosader, which made  
him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine  
to recomfort him. Which he did in such sorte, that he shewed how  
highly he held reuenge in scorne. Much a doe there was betwene  
these two bretheren, Saladine in craving pardon, and Rosader in  
forgiving and forgetting al former iniuries: the one submiss, the  
other curteous, Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kinde  
and louing: that at length Nature woketh an union of their  
thoughts, they earnestly embrased, and sel from matters of vn-  
kindnes, to talke of the Country life, which Rosader so highly com-  
mended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to take of that  
homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Geris-  
monds lode, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing  
the whole mater how al had hapned betwixt them. The King  
looking

## golden Legacie

Looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beauteul personage, and saw in his face sufficienç sparkes of ensuing honora, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promising such sauour as the pouerty of his estate mighe afforde, which Saladine gracefully accepted. And so Gerismond fel to que-  
stion of Torismonds life. Saladyne briesly discouerit unto him his  
injustice and tyranies : with such modesty (although he had wronged him,) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the  
yong Gentleman.

Many questions past, but at last, Gerismond beganne with a  
deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Al-  
linda, or his Daughter Rosalynd. None sir, quoth Saladine: for  
since their departure they were never heard of: Incurious for tyme  
(quoth the King) that to double the Fathers misery, wrongest the  
Daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with so-  
rowes) he went into his Cell, and there Saladine & Rosader whome  
Rosader straigthe conducted to the sight of Adam Spender. Who  
seeing Saladine in that estate, was in abowme study: but when he  
heard the whole matter, although he grieved for the exile of his  
Master, yet he joyed that banishment had so redouined him, that  
from a lasciuious youth, he was priued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past be-  
tweene them, and what fauours were enterchanged with brotherly  
affection, he said thus: yea mary, thus it should be, this was the con-  
cord that old sir Iohn of Burdeaux, wylt betwixt you. Now ful-  
fil you those preceptes he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing  
them, looke to like fortunace, and die honourable. Wel said Adam  
Spender, quoth Rosader: but hast any victuals to stowe for vs? A  
peece of Rode Deere quoth he, and a bottle of wine. Tis For-  
resters fare Brother, (quoth Rosader:) and so they late downe  
and fel to their caers. Alsoone as they had taken their repast and  
wel dined, Rosader tooke his Brother Saladine by the hand, and  
shewen him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they  
enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes he  
walked vp and down with his Brother, to shew him all the com-  
modities that belonged to his walke. In which time he was misse  
of his Gammete, who iurised greatly (with Aliena) what shold  
become of their Forrest. Meantime ther thought he had taken

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some wold unkindly, and had taken the pece: then they imagined  
some newtyme had withdrawne his fancie, or happilly he was sicke,  
or detaines by some great busynesse of Geffinsond, or that he had  
made a reconcilment with his brother, & so returned to Burdeaux.  
These conjectures did they cast in their heade, but especially  
Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart, proued restlesse, and hafte  
without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence:  
for loue measures euerie minute, and thinks houres to be daies, and  
daies to be moneths, till they feede their eies with the sight of their  
desire obiect. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede, while on a  
day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, shee cast vp her eye, and  
saw where Rosader came packing towardes her, with his forrest  
full on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and shee sayde  
to Aliena: see misstris wheres our iolly forrestier comes. And you are  
not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your nose bewiates what pottage  
you loue, the wind cannot bee tyed within a quarter, the sunne sha-  
dowyd within a bale, Dyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a  
womans looks: but nowe of that, *Lapides ista fabula*. Alloone  
as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena  
beganne thus. Whyp how nowe gentle forrestier, what wind  
hath kepe you from hence: that being so newlly married, you haue  
no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absynd your selfe so manie  
dayes: are the lethe passions you painted out in your Quinnes and  
roundelays? I see well hot loue is soone cold, and that the fancie of  
men is like a loose leather that wandereth in the aire with the blast  
of euerie wade. You are deceiued misstris quide Rosader, I was a  
coppie of vnglynesse that kept me hence, in that I being married  
you caried away the bride: but if I haue given any occasion of of-  
fence by absynding my selfe these three dayes, I humbly sue for par-  
don, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendlie  
confest with penance. But to tell you the truthe faire misstris, and my  
good Rosalynd my eldest brother by the iniurie of Torisond, is  
banisched from Burdeaux, & by chance he and I met in the forrest. And  
here Rosader discourest unto them what had hapned betwixt them,  
which reconcilment made them glad, especially Ganimede. But  
Aliena hearing of the cyranie of her father, grieved inwardly, and  
yet smothered al things with such secreyn, that the concealing was  
more sorrow then the conceit a yee that her estate might be his still,

## golden Legacie.

She made faire meeter of it, and to leste all passe, one trouall dicht  
Fortune that sawe howe these perries valued not her Deities,  
but helpe her power in scorne, thought to haue a bout with them,  
and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Rascals that li-  
ued by prowling in a Forrest, who for feare of the Prouesse War-  
Hall, had caues in the groves and thickets, to shunnde themselves  
from his traines: hearing of the beaute of this faire Shepheardesse  
Aliena, thought to steale her away, & give her to the king for a pre-  
sent, hoping because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to  
purchase all their pardons, and therfore came to take her and her  
page away. Thus resolued, while Aliena & Ganimede were in sad  
talke, they came ryding in, and laid violent handys upon Aliena and  
her page, which made them cry out to Rosader, who hauing the va-  
lour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in de-  
fence of his friends, then any waye to be toucht with the least blemish  
of dishonour, & therfore dealt such blowes amongst them with his  
weapon, as he did witness wiþ bygn their parases that he was no  
coward. But as Ne Hercules quidem contra duos, so Rosader could  
not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was not  
only hattid, but soze wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had bin  
quicke carried away by the Rascals, had not Fortune (that meane to  
turne her scowne into a fauour,) brought Saladine that way by  
chance, who wadring to find out his brothers walk, encouerted this  
crew, and seeing not onely a Shepheardesse and her boy forseen, but  
his brother wounded, he heaved up a Forrest bil he had on his neck,  
and the first hee strooke, had never a ster more neede of the phisition,  
redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were a-  
mazed at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunatly arrived, and seeing  
how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though soze wounded, rushid a-  
mong them, and laide on such load, that some of the crew were slain  
and the rest fl. leaving Aliena and Ganimede to the possession of  
Rosader and Saladine.

Aliena after she had breathed a while, and was come to her  
selfe from this feare, lookt about her, & saw where Ganimede was  
busie, dresing up the wounds of the forrestier: but she cast her eye  
vpon this couragous Champion, that had made soþe a rescue, and  
that with such a fesson, as he began to measure everie part of him

## Euphues

with fauour, and in her selfe, to commenç his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a couple of unbridled villaines. At last gathering his spirits together, he returned him these thankes.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, corriue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manfie resolutions. The poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can wee not make requitall with any great treasure. But our recompence is thankes, and saue our rewards to our friends without fauour. For ransom therfore of this our rescat, you must content your selfe to take such a kind of gracie, as a poore Shephearde like her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) never to shewne ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurr, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, weele pay him with smiles, & feed him with louelockes, and though he be never the fater at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this Shepheardeesse speake so wilely, beganne more narrowly to pyle into her affection, and to survey all her liuermens with a curios insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beaute, that by his roial he found her to be most excellent: for none that lurked in all these brydes to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encoutered them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could never after be rased out. At last, after he had looked so long til Alienor waz red, he returned her this answere.

Faile Shepheardeesse, if fortune graced me with such good happe, as to do you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the reliese of a distressed woman, is the special poynt, that Gentleman are tyed unto by honour: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duty then curteisie, thanks is more then belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a Gentlewomanis poynt, I will take your kinde Grametie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimedede looked earnestly vpon him, and sayde: Truly Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the securite of your face. No maruaille, quoth he (gentle Rosader) sayng his my eldest brother Saladine. Your Brother, quoth

## golden Legacie.

(quoth Aliena) and with that she blusht, he is the more welcome, and I holde my selfe the more his debter, and soz that he hath in our behalfe done such a peice of seruice, if it please him to doo mee that honor, I will cal him seruant, and he shal cal me mistris. Contente sweete mistris, quoth Saladine, and when I forȝet to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe, Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleede soze, and I will haue them drest. Ganimede had teates in her eyes, and passions in her hart, to see her Rosader so painted, and therfore crept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lode. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, led his flocke down to a bale, and there vnder the shadow of a Beech tree sate downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontente, leuering her selfe from her Ganimede, sittynge vnder a Limon tree, beganne to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner.

*Alienaes Meditation.*  
A De me, now I see, and sorrowing, sigh to see, that Dianaes lawes are harbourers of Venus loues, that there trac as well through the lawnes, wācons as chast-ones, þ Calisto be she never so chaste, wil cast an amorous eie at courting loue: that Diana her self will change her shāpe, but she wil honour loue in a shadow: that maidens eies, be they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more pliable then wāre. See Aliena how Fortune and Loue haue interleaued themselves to be thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their affect, haue inueagled thy sight with a most beautiful obiect. Of late thou didst hold Venus for a gigit, not a goddesse, now thou shalt be forȝt to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had ayme inough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the court, I helde loue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desir. I knew not affectiōn while I liued in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my forȝtne was maestrie, and my thoughts honour: and that I now be high in deſires, when I am made low by destinie.

## Euphues

I have heard them say, that Loue looks not at Iohn Cottages, that Venus sits in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high, that he scornes to touch poverty with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but old wiues tales, and neither authentical precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tells thee, that Peasants haue their passions, as wel as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes assoone about a Sheepcoate as a Wallace.

Ah Alinda this day in auoyding a preiudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become a captiue to Saladine, and what then: women must loue, or they must easched liue: and therfore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eie is leueld vpon a more seemliet Saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, Loue hath wrongd thee, & hath not wrongg him, & if he be proude in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather die then discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, then to conceale loue, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comlye enough, oh Alinda, too comly, als hadst not thou bin thus discontent: valiant, & that fettered thyne eie, wise, als hadst thou been now wonne: but for al these vertues, banished by thy father, and therfore if he know thy parentage, he will hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yong sien for the old stock. Wel, howsooner, I must loue: and whomsooner I wil, and what soeuer bee it, Aliena wil chynke wel of Saladine: suppose he of me as he please. And with that fetching a deep sigh, he rose vp, and went to Ganimede; who al this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being ouer-grown with sorowes, and to recal her from her melancholie with many pleasant persuasions. Ganimede tooke al in the best part, and so they went home together after they had solded their flockes, supping with old Coridon, who had prouided their rates. He after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yong Sheepheard that was in loue with Phœbe, could by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her hands: but still pained in restless passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phœbe, is she so faire that

## golden Legacie.

that she thinks no shepheard worthy of her beautie: or so froward  
that no loue no loyaltie wil content her: or so coy, that she requires  
a long time to be wooed, or so foolish that she forgets, that like a  
fay the must haue a large harvest for a little corne.

I cannot distinguish quoth Coridon, of these nice qualities,  
but one of these daies Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you  
may see their persons, and note their passions: and then where the  
blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if all  
maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe: for  
there would be great sloze of wooing, and little wedding, manie  
words and little worship, much folly, and no faith. At this sad sen-  
tence of Coridon so solemnely brought forth, Aliena smiled, & be-  
cause it was late, she and her page went to bed, both of them hauing  
fleas in their eares to keepe them awake. Ganimede for the hurt of  
her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladine. In  
this discontented humour they past away the time, til falling asleepe,  
their sensess at rest, houe left them to their quiet slumbers: which  
were not long, for as soone as Phoebe rose from his Aurora, and be-  
gan to mounts him in the skie, summoning plough-swaines to their  
handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the couch where Gani-  
mede lay, awakened her page, and said, the morning was far spent,  
the dew small, and time called them away to the foyles. Ah, ha,  
quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? then in saith I perceiue  
there is no Diamond so hard, but will yeld to the file, no Cedar  
so strong, but the wind will shake, or no mind so challe, but loue  
will change. Well Aliena, must Saladine be the man, and wil he  
a match? Trust me, he is faire & valiant, the son of a worthy knight;  
whom if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in propo-  
sition, he is worthis of no lesse then Aliena. But he is an exile, what  
then, I hope thy mistris respects the vertues, not the wealth, and  
measures the qualities, not the substance. Those Dames that are  
like Danae, that like loue in no shape but in a shower of gold: I  
wishes them husbands with much wealth, and little wit, that the want  
of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my  
Aliena) staine the honor of a shepheards life, to set the end of pas-  
sions vpon yesse. Loues eyes looke not so low as gold, there is no  
fees to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder time (as Coridon  
hath tolde mee) the shepheards loue-gifts were apples and che-  
nuts,

# Euphues

and then their desires were loyal, and their thoughts constant. But now

*Quarenda peccnia primum, post humeros virtus.*

And the tyme is growne to that whiche Horace in his Satyres wroote on:

*Virtus fama decus divina humanaque pulchris  
Dimitijs parent: quas qui constringerit, ille  
Clarus erit, fortis iustus sapiens, etiam et rex  
Et quicquid volit.*

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladine in his affections, thought she kill the child for the Nurses sake, and wove for him, that he might please Rosader, made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion: Hast thou seene loue in my lookes, or are mine eies growne so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist fynde as I a Physognomer as the Lapidarie, that aimis at the secret vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knownen by the Strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by his hardnes. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not ever the most precious: and the Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies Calenders of fancies, nor do their thoughts and their lookes ever agree: for when their eies are full of fauours, then are they oft most empie of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I be melancholy, then Ganimede is not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But seeing loue cannot be hid in the straw, nor Loue kept so couert, but it wil be spied, what shoulde friends conceale fancies? Know my Ganimede, the beaute and valor, the wit & prouesse of Saladine, hath settred Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing to her eies, but the sight of Saladine, & if loue haue done me iu-

## golden Legacie

tice, to wryp his thoughts in the foldes of thy face, and that he is as  
deepely enamored as I am passionate: I tel thee Ganimede, there  
shall not be much wooing, for she is alreade won, and what needs a  
longer baturie. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, then that bee thus  
proportioned, you to match with Saladine, & I with Rosader, thus  
haue the destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspece, that haue  
made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our sortunes,

With this Ganimede sterte vp, made her ready, and went into the  
fieldes with Aliena, where unfolding their stucks, they sate them  
downe vnder an Olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuersly  
affected: Aliena loping in the excellencye of Saladine, & Ganimede  
sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till shee  
migh haue heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes  
they migh espie where Coridon came running towards them, al-  
most out of brest with haste. What newes with you (quoth Ali-  
ena) that you come in such post? Oh mistris (quoth Coridon) you  
haue a long time desired to see Phoebe, the faire shepheardesse  
whom Montanus loues, if now so it please you and Ganimede to  
walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and  
her sittynge by a fountaine, he toveting her with his countrey  
ditties, and she so coy as if she helde loue in distaine.

The ne des were so welcome to the two louers, that vppye they  
rose, and went with Coridon. Alsoone as they drew nigh the thic-  
ket, they migh espie where Phoebe sate, (the fairest Shepheardesse  
in all Arden, and the frolikest Swaine in the whole forrest,) she  
in a petticoate of scarlet, coueted with a greene mantle, and to  
shroude her from the sun, a chaplet of roses, from vnder which ap-  
peared a face full of Natures excellencye, & two such eyes as migh  
haue awaked a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this goz-  
geous nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eies with her fauours,  
wooing with such pitteous looks, and courting with such deep strai-  
ned sighes, as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue bin com-  
passionate, at last fixynghis lookes on the riches of her face, his head  
on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournefull  
Dittie.

*Montanus Sonnet.*

A turtle sate vpon a leauelless tree,  
Mourning her absent pheare,

# Euphues

With sad and sorry chaires, in wondring and queare, with  
About her wondring shood, The Citizens of wood,  
And whilst her plumes she rents, And to her louelaments,  
The stately trees complainethem, The birds with sorrow paine them,  
Each one that doth her views, Her paine and sorrowes rues,  
But were the sorowes knownes, That me hath overthownes, Oh how would Phœbe sigh,  
The louesick Polyphemus that could not see, Who on the Barraine shire,  
His fortunes did deplore, And melteth al in monte,  
For Galatea gone, And with his cryes,  
Affests both earth and skyes, And to his woe betooke,  
Doth breake both pype and hooke,  
For whom complaines the mornes, For whom the Sea Nymphes mourne,  
Alas his paine is nought, For were my woe but thought,  
Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if she did looke on me.

Beyond compare my paine, yet gladam I,  
If gentle Phœbaine, to see her Montan did  
After this Montanus fel his passions so extreme, that he fel  
into this exclamation against the iniuste of Loue,

Helas Tirant plein de rigeur,  
Modere un peu ta violence, Que ce sera dis grande dispence

# golden Legacie

C'est trop de flammes pour un coeur.  
Espargnez en une estuelle,  
Puis fait ton effort d'esmouoir,  
La fiere qui ne veut point voir,  
En quel feu ie brusle pour elle.  
Execute Amour ce dessein,  
Et rabaisse un penson audace,  
Son coeur ne doit estre de glace,  
Bien que elle ait de Niege le sein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a bollie of stghes, and such a streame of teares, as might haue mooued any but Phoebe to haue graunted him sauour. But she measuring al his passions with a coy disdaine, and triumphing in the poore shepheards pathecicall humors, smiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had been no ma-  
lady, scornefully warbled out this Sonnet,

## Phoebes Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,  
Thus Phillis sung,  
By fancie once distressed.  
Whoso by foolish loue are stung,  
are worthily oppressed.  
And so sing I, with a downe, downes &c.  
When loue was first begot,  
And by the mothers will:  
Did fall to humane lot,  
His solace to fulfill,  
Deuilde of al deceit,  
A chaste and holy fire,  
Did quicken mans conceit,  
And womens breast inspire,  
The Gods that saw the good,  
That mortals did approve,  
With kind and holy moode,  
Began to talke of loue.

Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung,  
by fancie once distressed, &c.

# Euphues

But during this accord,  
A wonder strange to heare:  
Whilst loue indeede and word,  
Most faithful did appear,  
False semblance came in place,  
By ialousie attended,  
And with a double face:  
Both loue and fancy blended,  
Which make the Gods forsake,  
And men from fancie flie,  
And maidens scorne a make  
Farsooth, and so will I.  
Downe adowne.  
Thus Phelis sung,  
by fancie once distressed:  
Whoso by toolish loue are stung,  
are worthily oppressed.  
And so sing I, with downe, a downe, adowne a.

Montanus hearing the cruel resolution of Phoebe, was so over-grown with passiōns, that from amorous ditties, he fel flat into these tearmes. Ah Phoebe, quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my malady: Am I so horſeful an obiect, that thine eies condemne me for an obiect? O so base, that thy delights cannot scope so low as to lend me a gratiouſe looke: my passions are many, my loues moze, my thoughts loyalty, and my fancy faith: al deuoted in humble leuoure to the seruice of Phoebe, and that I reape no reward for ſuch fealties. The Swaines dailie labours is quit borb the Cue-nings hir, the Ploughmans toile is ealed with the hope of coyne, what the Dye sweateth out at the plough, beſacheth at the crib: but inſfortunate Montanus hath no ſalue for his ſorrow, nor any hope of recompence for the hazarde of his perplexed paſſions. If Phoebe, time may pleade the prooſe of my trueth, twiſe ſeven winters haue I loued faire Phoebe: if conſtancie be a cauſe to further my ſuete, Montanus thoughts haue bin ſealed in the ſweete of Phoebeſ exceil-ience, as far ſr̄e change as he from loue: if outward paſſions may diſ-couer inward affecciōns the furrowes in my face may diſcouer the ſor-rows of my hart, and the map of my lookeſ the grieſe of my mind. Thou ſeest ( Phoebe ) the teatres of diſpaſte haue made my cheekeſ full

# golden Legacie.

full of mynches, and my scalding fighes haue made the aire  
scho' hit pitty, conceiued in my plaints: Philomel heareng my passi-  
ons, hath left her moarnefull tunes, to listen to the discourse of my  
passions. I haue pourtrayed in euerie tree the beautie of my mistris,  
and the dispaires of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot wit-  
nesse my woes? (and who is it would not pitie my plaints?) Onely  
Phoebe, and why? because I am Montanus and she Phoebe. I a  
worthlesse swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beau-  
tiful Phoebe, oh might I say pitifull, then happy were I, though  
I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus  
not by his fortune, but by his loues, and ballance not with wealth,  
but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of  
disquieted careys: if not, whif Phoebe cannot loue, let a noyme of  
sownes end the discontents of my thoughts, and so let me perish in  
my desires, because they are aboue my deserts, onely at my death  
this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shal say, Montanus died  
for loue of hard harted Phoebe.

At these wordes she stol her face ful of frownes, and made him  
this shoit and sharpe replie: Impotunate Shepheards, whose  
loues are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreme  
that thou canst not conciale it with patience? Art thou so sollic  
siche, that thou must needes beaine siche, and in thy affection tied  
to such an object, as none seruys but Phoebe? Well sy, if your  
market can be made no where else, home again, for your ware is at  
the fairest.

Phoebe is no lettie for your lips, and her grapes hang so high,  
that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Mont-  
anus I speake not this in pride, but in disdain, nor þ I scorne thee,  
but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer  
Fancie, as ouer fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus,  
reale from thy loues, and biale thy lookes, quench the sparkles be-  
fore they grow to a further flame, for in louing me thou shalt but  
lise thy losse, and what thou viterest in words, are al written in the  
wind. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hec-  
tor, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander, Phoebe could  
not loue, because she cannot loue at all, and therefore if thou pursue  
me with Phoebus, I must stie with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer-heareng these passions of Montanus, could

## Euphues blog

not break the stuelie of Phoebe, but flaming from behind the bulk,) said : And if daniel you fled from me, I would transfigur you as Daphne to a May, and then in contempt, example your banchess bader my feet. Phoebe at this sodaine reply was amazed, especially, when she saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede : blushing thereto soze she would haue bin gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. *U*that shepheardeesse, faire and so truel: Dildaine heresemes not costages, non copynesse maides, for eyther they be condemned to be too proude or too froward. Take heed faire nymph, that in despising loue, you be not overreacht with loue, and in shaking off al, shape your selfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus proue passionate, & yet bhipited. Of thair I hearey and sometimes haue scene, high dildaine turned to haire drifte. Bes cause thou art beauteul, be not so coy, as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading : as momentarie as the shadowes that growes from a clowne hauue. Much my faire shepheardeesse, as dildaine in yourb, desire in age, & then are shew bated in the winter, that might haue bin loued in the prime. So wimblewimide is like a parched rofe, that is cast up in Coffers to please the mes, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in loue to had I will, and therfore be ruled by me, loue while thou art young, lest thou be dildained when thou art old. Beaultie noz time cannot be recalde, and if thou loue, like of Montanus, foras his desires are many, so his deserts are greates.

Phoebe al this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored of his perfection, as Montanus inueagled with her, for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which shes found so rare, that shes thought the ghost of Adonis had bin leapt from Elysium, in the shape of a swaine. When shes blusht at her owne follie to looke so long on a stranger, shes mildly made answere to Ganimede thus. I cannot denie sir but I haue heard of loue, though I never felt Loue, and haue read of such a Goddess as Venus, though I never saw any but her picture : and perhaps, and with that shes waxed red and bashful, and withal silent : which Ganimede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps shes quoth shes, mine eye hath beene more prodigal to day then ever before: and with that shes staid againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed.

## goldenlegacie.

playne. Aliena seeing the hanethrough the maze, saw her sorwes  
with her matthe: but in vaine, for at this abrupt perion she brake  
off, and with her eyes ful of teares, and her face colored with a ver  
million blis, she late downe and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and  
Ganimedē seeing the shepheardesse in such a strange spight, alle  
Rhoebe with her Montramus (wishing her friendip) that she wold  
be more pliant to loue, lest in penance Venus ioynd to her some  
charpe penance. Phoebe made no replie, but fetcht such a sigh, that  
Echo made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimedē such an ey  
dewet with a pietring glace, that the amorous girle bop pertained  
Phoebe was pinche by the heele, and rounched and al brydled  
But leauing Phoebe to the falties of their newe fancie, and Mon  
tramus to attend vpon her, to Saladine, who al this last nighte could  
not tell for the remembryance of Aliena, insomuch that he stamed  
sweate conceyued (vaine to content his humour) which he put in his  
bosome: wherefore quelled by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena  
and Ganimedē, to signifie unto them that his wounes were not  
dangerous. A moche happy messaige could not happen to Saladine,  
that taking his horsestall on his necke, hee studged in al hast to  
wrons the plaines, where Aliena stoked up feede: comming just  
to the attacke when they redched from Montramus and Phoebe.  
Fortune so conducted this iolly Forrester, that he encountring them  
and Coriolan whom he presencyly saluted on this maner.

o faire shepheardesse, and too faire, unlesse your beaute be tem  
pered with vertes: & the lindamēs of the face graced with the lown  
esse of mind: as man y godes fortunes to you & your page as your  
selues chide lire or imagine by brother Rosader (in the griesē of his  
greene ioudays) still mindful of his friends, hath sent mee to you  
with a kind salut, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more  
patience, in that he holds the parties pretious in whose defensē he  
receiued his friendip. The report of your welfare, will be a great  
consolacō to his distempred body and distrelled thoughts, and therē  
soe leme me with a stricke charge to visit you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the moche welcome, in that you are  
messenger from so kinde a gentleman, whose paines wee comp  
passionate with as great sorow, as he brookes them with griesē  
and his wounes dredē in vs as man y passions, as in him exre  
mised; so that what disquiet he seies in body, we partake in heart.

Wishing

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Writhing (if we might) that your mishap might save his malady. But seeing our wiles peeveth him little ease, our opions are never idle to the Gods for his recovery. I pray you (quoth Ganymede with teates in his ries,) when the Surgeon searcheth him, tell he his woundes dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine,) but not mortal: and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within these ten daies to walke abroad and visit you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganymede,) say his Rosalynd commends her unto him, and bids him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalynd is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is never out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions, he vleth Rosalynd as a charm to appraise al sorowes with patience. In somuch that I conjecture my brother is in loue, and some patagon that holdest his heate perplexed: whose name he vsc records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with sorries; as if in one person Loue had lodged a Chaos of confusid passions. Wherin I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in coulours, so it changeþ in sundry humors, beeing as it should seeme, a combat met with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweete prejudice, like to the Sinopletree, whose blossoms delighe the smel, and whose fruit infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena,) Sir, you are deepe read in Loue, or growes your insight into affection by experiance. Now soeuer, you are a great philosopher in Vernis principles, vnsould you not discouer our secret aphorismes. But Sir, our Countrey amours are not like your Countrey fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them til loue paine them, where the Courtiers ries is full of compassion, when his hart is most free from affection: they court to discouer their eloquence, we woor to rale our sorowes, every faire face with them must have a new fancie sealed with a rose-finger-kiss, and a farre fetcht sigh, we heare loue one, and loue is that one, so long as life can maintaine Loue, vsing few Ceremonies, because we know few subtillties, and little eloquence for that we lightly account of flat-tery: only Faith and Treachy, that's Shepheards wooing, and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I coulde tie my selfe to such loue. What, and lookt so low as a Shephearde, beeing

the

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the Sonne of sir John of Burdeaux, such desires were a disgrace to your honour, and with that surveying exquisitelyuerie partie of him, as uttering all these words in a deepe passion, he espied the paper in his bosome, whereupon growing ialous that it was some amorous Sonnet, he sodainely snatched it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: he was bashful, and Saladine blusht; which he perceiving, said: Nay then sir, if you ware red, my life for yours tis some loue matter: I see your mistris name, her praises, and your passions. And with that he lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

### *Saladines Sonnet.*

If it be true that heauens eternall course,  
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides,  
Ifaire inconstante be, and swelling sourse,  
Turne and returnes with many fluent tydes.

If earth in winter summers pride estrange,  
And nature seemeth onely faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall spright,  
Deriude from heauenly pure, in wondring still,  
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,  
And by discouerent power discerneth ill.

And if the body for to worke his best,  
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

Whence comes it (that inforst by furious skies,)  
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart:  
Yet salue not in this change my ma'adies?  
Whence growes it that each obiect workes my smart?

Alas I see my faith procutes my misse,  
And change in loue against my nature is.

*Et florida pungunt.*

Aliena hauing read ouer the Sonnet, began thus pleasantly to descant upon it, I see Saladine (quoth shee) that as the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vntille it be hard; so men are no men vntille they bee in loue:

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lone : and their honours are measured by their amours not their labours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be ful of fancy, than ful of vertue. I had thought,

*Otia si tollas perire Cupidinis arcus,*

*Centemque iacent, & sine luce faces.*

But I see Ouids axiome is not authentical, for even labour hath her loues, and extremite is no humite lone to rase but fancy. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends and Country by Torismond, (sorrowes enough to suppresse affection) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Loue wil be Lord, and shew his power to be more predominant then Fortune. but I pray you Sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires : Saladine, that now saw opportunity pleasant, thought to strike while the pson was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand, sate downe by her : and Ganimede to gue them leue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the soldes, whilste Saladine fel into this practise with Aliena.

Faire Mistres, if I be blunt in discouering my affections, and vse little eloquence in leveling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, Shepheards vse few ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtleties : to frame my selfe therfore to your country fashion, with much fauour and little flattery, know beautiful Shepheardeesse, that whilste I liued in the Court I knew not Loues rember, but I held affection as a toy, not as a malady: vsing fancie as the Hipe-bore do their flowers, which they were in their bosome al day, and cast them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked al because I loued none, & who was most faire, on her I fed my eie, but as charily as the Bee, that alsonne as she hath suckt honny from the Rose, straight flies to the next Marigold. Living thus at mine owne lust, I wondred at such as were in loue, & when I read their passions, I tooke them only for poems, that flowed from the quicknes of their wit, not the sorrowes of their hart. But now faire Nymph, since I became a sorreller, Loue hath taught me such a lesson, þ I must confess his deitie & dignitie & say, as there is nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing then fancy. For since first I arrived in this place, & mine eie tooke a curious suruey of your excellency, I haue bin so fettered with your beautie & vertue, as sweete (Aliena) Saladine without further circumstance louest

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loues Alienā; I could paint out my deſires with long ambages, but ſeeing in many words lies miſtral, and that true this euer naked, let this ſuffiſe for Country wooing, Sa'adine loues Alienā, and none but Alienā. Although theſe words are moſt heauenly harmonie in the eares of the ſhepheardeſſe, yet to ſee me cop at the firſt courting, and to diſdaine Loue, howſoever ſhe diſdained loue, ſhe made thiſ reply.

Ah Saladine, though I ſeeme ſimple, yet am I moſe ſubtile then to ſwallow the hooke, because it hath a painted bate: as men are wile, ſo women are wary, especially if they haue that wit by others harmes to beware. Do we not know Saladine, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eies: and their words are preiudicial as the charmes of Circes that tranſforme men into monſters: If ſuch Syrens ſing, we poore wome had need ſtop our ears, leaſt in hearing, we prove ſo fooliſh hardy as to beleeue them, & ſo peril in truſting much, and ſuſpecting little. Saladine *Piscator illius ſapit*, he that hath bin once poſſoned, and afterward ſcares not to bowle of every potion, is worthy to ſuffer double penance. Giue me leaue then to miſtral, though I do not condemn. Saladine is now in loue with Alienā, he a Gentleman of great pa- rentage, ſhe a ſhepheardeſſe of meane parents: he honourable, and ſhe poore: Can loue conſiſt of contrarieties: Wil the Falcon pearech with the Kistrelle, the Lion harbour with the Woolfe: wil Venus ioyne roaſes and rags together: Or can there be a ſympathy betweene a King and a beggar?

Then Saladine how can I beleeue thee, that Loue ſhould unite our thoughts, when Fortune hath ſet ſuch a diſference betweene our degrees: But ſuppoſe thou liketest of Alienāes beautie, men in their fancie reſemble the waspe, which ſcrones that flower from which they had ſetche be: wary: playing like the inhabitants of the Iſland Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the ſweet ſpices, bſe the trees for fuel: ſo men when they haue glutted themſelues with the faire of womeſ faces, holde them for neceſſary euils, and weariſed with that which they ſeemed ſo much to loue, caſt away fan- tie, as children do their Rattles: and lothing that which ſo deeply before they liked, especially ſuſh as take loue in a minute, and haue their eies attractive like Jet, apt to entertain any obiect, are as rea- die to let it ſlip againe. Saladine hearing how Alienā haſpe ſil upon

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one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he broke off her sharpe inuictiue thus.

I grant Alienā ( quoth he ) many men haue done amisse, in prouing soone ripe, and soone rotten, but particular instances inferre no general conclusions : and therfore I hope what others haue faulted in, shal not prejudice my fauours. I wil not vse sophistrie to confirme my loue, for that is subtily : nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more then my fath : but if this wil suffice, that by the honor of a gentleman I loue Alienā and wooe Alienā, not to crop the blossoms and reiect the tree, but to consummate my fauiful desires, in the honorable end of mariage.

At this word mariage, Alienā stood in a maze what to answer : fearing, that if she were too coy to dixe him away with her disdaine, and if she were too curteous, to discouer the heat of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to do, at last this she said. Saladine, euer since I saw thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot desemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so far as mine honor holds fancy stil in suspence : but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy fath, or as wel qualitied as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided : but for this time to give thee an answer, assure thy selfe thus, I wil either marry with Saladine, or stil haue a virgine : & with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking he had had his mistris long enough at chyf, said: What, a match or no? A match (quoth Alienā) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) I would Rosader were here to make vp the messe. Wel remembred (quoth Saladine) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone, & therfore least being solitarie he shoulde encrease his sorrowes, I wil hast me vnto him. May it please you then to commaund me any service to him, I am ready to be a dutifull messenger. Quely at this time command me vnto him (quoth Alienā) and tel him, though we cannot pleasure him, we pray for him. And forget not, quoth Ganimede, my commendations: but say to him that Rosalyn sheds as many teares from her hart, as he droppes bloud from his wounds, for þ sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering al his thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content: say thus (good Saladine) and so farewell. We hauing his message, gaue a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Alienā and so playing loath

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to depart went to his brother.

But Alena, the perplexed and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly, til praising the perfection of Saladine, not sealing to chat of her new loue, til euening drew on, & then they solding their sheep, went home to bed. Where we leauue them, and returne to Phoebe. Phoebe fiered with the uncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, so gauled with restlesse passions, as now she began to acknowledge, that there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with Loue, could make amorous: for she that held Diana for the Goddess of her devotion, was now faine to flie to the Alter of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers, as she was froward aforst with disdain. As she lay in her bed, she called to mind the several beauties of young Ganymede, first his locks, which being Amber hued, passeth the weathe that Phoebus puts on to make his front glorious: his brow of Iuorie, was like the seat where loue and maiestie lies inchand to enchaime Fancy, his eies as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, barring forth stormes with disdain, & smiles with favour, lightning such looks as woulde enflame desire, were she wrap in circle of the frozen Zone: in his cheeke the vermillion tincture of the rose florished vp, on natural Alabaster, the blush of the Morn & Lunas silver shew were so lively & pourtrayed, that the Trojan that fillis out wine to Jupiter, was not halfe so beautiful: his face was ful of pleasure, & al the rest of his limauments proportioned with such excelencie, as Phoebe was setterd in the sweetnes of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her mind made the poore shepherdesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure cempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, she rather wylled to die than to live in this amorous anguish. But wishing is little worth in such extremes, and therefore was she forst to pine in her maladie, without any salve for her sorrows. Reveale it she durst not, as dairing in such matters to make none her secretarie, and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: so as fire supprest, growes to the greater flame, and the current stopt to the more violent streme, so Loue smothered, wryngs the hart with deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her foode began to faille, and the disquiet of her minde began to make a distemperature of

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her bodie, that to be short, Phoebe fel extreme siche, and so siche, as there was almost lest no recovery of hir health. Her father seeing his faire Phoebe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by mede-  
cine to cure, and by counsel to pacifie, but al in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long lasting, and yet she *magis agrotare animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceived, and sorrowed at, but falue it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroade through all the Forest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man came to visit Phoebe. Where sittynge by her bed side, he began his exordium with many teares and sighes, that she perceiving the extreamitie of his sorowes, began now as a louer to pitie them, al-  
though Ganimede helthier from redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempered with secret plaints, but she answered him and the rest with silence, hauing stil the forme of Ganimede in her mind, and conjecturing how she might reueale her loues. To vitter them in words she found her selfe too bashful: to dis-  
course by any friend, she would not trust any in her amors, to remain thus perplexed stil, and conceale al, it was a double death. Where-  
upon for her last refuge, she resolued to write to Ganimede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if he could steale a nay. He was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, she tooke pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phoebe to Ganimede, wisheth what she wants  
her selfe.

Faire Shepheards (therefore is Phoebe Unfortunate, because thou art faire,) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to  
resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to  
entertaine loue, more devoted to fancies, then before they were repug-  
nant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, & drawne to the other  
by beautie: which being rare, and made the moxe excellent by manie  
versues, hath so snared the freedome of Phoebe, as she restis at thy  
mercie, either to be made the most fortunate of all maidens, or the  
most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by  
my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as  
full of faulch, as thy face of amiable fauors. Then as thou knowest  
thy

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thy selfe most beautiful, suppose me most constant. If thou deamest  
me hard harted because I haged Moncanus, thinke I was forst to it  
by fate : if thou saist I am kindehearted, because so lightly I lo-  
ued thee at the first looke, thinke I was driven to it by destime,  
whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my for-  
tunes were any thing but misfortunate loue, I would strive with for-  
tune, but he that wrestles against the wil of Venus, seeks to quench  
fire with oyle, & to thrust out one thoyne by putting in another. If  
Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, harbors in the heart, & wil nei-  
ther be driven out with phisick nor reason, pitie me, as one whose  
malady hath no salue, but from thy sweet selfe, whose griefe hath no  
ease but through thy grant, & I thinke I am a virgin who is deeply  
wranged, when I am forst to woo & conjecture loue to be so strong,  
that is more forcible then nature. Thus distressed, valesse by thee,  
eased, I respect either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miser-  
ably by thy denial. Living in hope, farewell.

*She that must be thine,*

*or not at all, Phaebe.*

**To this letter she annered this Bonnet,**

**Sonetto.**

**My boate doth pass the straights,**

**ot seas incast with fire,**

**Fild with forgetfullnesse,**

**Amidst the winters night.**

**A blind and careless boy,**

**(brought vp by fond desire,**

**Doth guide me in the sea,**

**offorrow and despight.**

**For euerie oare, he sets**

**a ranke of foolish thoughts,**

**And cuts (in steede of wane)**

**a hope without distress.**

**The winds of my deep sighes,**

**(that thunder still for nought,) A**

**Hau split my sailes with feare,**

**with care and heauiness,**

# Euphues Log

A mightie storme of teares,  
A blacke and hideous clowde,  
A thousand fierce disdaines,  
Do slieke the haleyards of,  
Till ignorance do pull,  
and error halfe the shrowds,  
No starre for safete shines,  
no Phoebe from a loft.

Time hath subdued art, and ioy is slauie to woe,

Alas (Loue-guide) be kind, what shal I perish so?

This letter and the Sonnet being ended, shee could finde no sic messenger to send it by, and therefore shee called Montanus, and im- created him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, & did perceiue what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his mistris in all seruice) hee dis- sembled the matter, & became a willing messenger of his own mar- sydome, and so (taking the letter) went the next moorne verie ear- ly to the plains where Aliena fed her flockes, and there he found Ga- nimede sitting vnder a Pomegranate tree, sorrowing for the hard forntunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came fro Phoebe. At this the wanton blusht, as being abash to thinke what newes should come from an vnknowne Shephearde, but taking the letters, vnrift the seales, & read ouer the discourse of Phoebes fan- cies. When shee had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede began to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, & with that called Aliena, to whom she shewed the writings, who hauing perused them, conceited them verie pleasantly, and smiled to see how Loue had yoke him, who before would not stoope to the lure: Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying. Knew Phoebe what want there were in thee to performe her wil, and how vnfite thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be more wise, & lesse enamored: But leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this swaine. At this word, Ganimede turning to Montanus, beganne to glaunce at him thus. I pray thee tel me Shepheard, by those sweete thoughts and pleasing lighes that grow from thy mistris fauours, art thou in loue with Phoebe? Oh my poorely, quoth Montanus, were Phoebe

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so far in loue with me, my flockes would be more fat, & their master  
more quiet: for though the sorrows of my discontent, grows the lean-  
nesse of my sheepe. Alas poore swaine, qd Ganimede, are thy passi-  
ons so extreme, or thy fancies so resolute, that no reason wil blemish  
the pride of thy affection, & raze out that which thou striuest for with  
out hope? Nothing can make me forget Phoebe, whilst Montanus  
forget himselfe: for those characters true loue hath stamped, neither  
the enuy of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Montanus qd  
Ganimede, enter with a deep insight into the dispaire of thy fancies,  
and thou shal see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy  
progressse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming against the stream  
with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against wind & weather.  
Thou seekest with Phoebus to win Daphne, & she flies faster then  
thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the Hobby, but her disdain  
reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tel thee Montanus, in  
courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the wolues of Syria against the  
moone, and rouest at such a marke with thy thoughts, as it is beyond  
the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pitilesse, and thy  
malady remedilesse. For proose Montanus, reade these Letters,  
wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus took them and pursued them, but with such  
sorrow in his looks, as they bewrayed sowle of confused passions  
in his hart, at every line his colour changed, and every sentence was  
ended with a period of sighs.

At last noting Phoebes extreme desire towards Ganimede, and  
her disdain towards him, giuting Ganimede the letter, the shep-  
heard groode as though he had neither wonne nor lost. Which Gani-  
mede perceiving, wakened him out of his dreame thus: Now Monta-  
nus, dost thou see thou dwelst great seruice, and obtainest but little  
reward: but in lieu of thy loyalty, she makes thee as Bellephoron,  
carp thine own bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wher-  
in thou knowest is poison, creepe not to her that cares not for thee.  
What Montanus, ther are many as faire as Phoebe, but most of al  
more courteous then Phoebe, I tel thee shepheard, fauour is loues  
fewell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into  
smoke, and rather sorrow for a while, than repent thee for euer. I tel  
thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they which are stung with  
the scorpion, can not be recovered but by the scorpion, nor hee that

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was wounded with Achilles lance, be cured but with the same truncheou: so Apollo was fain to cry out, that loue only easeth with loue, and fancy healed by no medicine but fauour: Phoebus had herbs to heale all hurts but this passion, Circes had charmes for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtile reasons to rehel al griefs but loue. Perswasions are bootlesse, reasons lend no remedy, counsel no comfort, to such whom fancy hath made resolute: and therfore though Phoebe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honour none but Phoebe.

Then qd Ganimede, may I rightly terme thee a dispaireing louer, that liuest without ioy, and louest without hope: but what shal I do Montanus to pleasure thee: shal I disdaine Phoebe as she disdains thee: Oh (qd Montanus) that were to renue my griefs, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganimede, though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient: then let not so faire a creature as Phoebe sincke vnder the burthen of so deepe distresse. Being louesick, she is proued heartesick, and al for the beuty of Ganimede. Thy portion hath intrangled her affections, and she is snared in the beuty of thy excellency. Then sith she loues thee so deere, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a Maragon, she hath bentie to please thine eie, and flockes to enrich thy noose. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her: for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, thre deepe perswasions to make loue strolike. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and please that Ganimede ought to loue Phoebe, answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion: being if Ganimede marry Phoebe, thy market is cleane marred.

Ab mistris (quoth he) so bath loue caught me to honor Phoebes, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire, rather than she should perish for want. It shal suffice mee to see her contented, and to feed mine eie on her fauor. If she marry, though it be my martidome, yet if she be pleased, Ile brooke it with patience, and triump in mine owne stars to see hit desires satisfied. Therfore if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shewe his vertues in redressing Phoebes miseries. And this Montanus pronounced with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loues: for that they pitied his passions,

## golden Legacie

passions, and commended his patience, vntelling how they might by any subtiltie get Montanus the fauor of Phoebe. Strait (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancie the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde, he prosecuted his pollicie thus. Montanus quoth he, seeing Phoebe is so forloane, lest I might be counted vakinde, in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe, and there heare her selfe in word vter that which she hath discoursit with her pen, & then as loue wils me, I wil set downe my censure. I wil home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe towardes the house of Phoebe. When they shewd nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran before & went in and tolde Phoebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word Ganimede sounding in the eares of Phoebe, drove her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuived, and her wanne colour beganne to waxe red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a courteous looke, that it was halfe a salut to her sorrowes: sitting him downe by her bedde side, he questioned about her disease, & where the paine chiefly helde her. Phoebe looking as louely as Venus in her night geare, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when he bewayed her loues to Phoebus, taking Ganimede by the hand, began thus. Faice Shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, or fancie the sharpest extreme, my immodesity were the more, and my vertues the lesse: for nature hath framid womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues ful of silence: But loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, then he perueris al, and wealst the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath bee kindled in my thoughtes, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modesty, and seeke the salut at thy hands for my harmest blanie me not if I be ouer bolde, for it is thy beautie, and if I be too forward, it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe make me thus fond. For lette me say in a worde what may be contained in a volume, Phoebe loues Ganimede, at this shee helde downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plentes Phoebe, for I doe pitie thy plaintes, nor lecke not

## Euphues

to vise. yet thy loues in fomes : for I conjecture thy trouth by thy  
passions: forrow is no salve for loues, nor sighs no remedie for affec-  
tion. Therefore strokthe Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt  
not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieved  
me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been  
so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall : but thou alledgest that thou  
art forst from him by fate, so I tell thee Phoebe, either some star, or  
some destiny fits my mind rather with Adonis to die in chace, than  
be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Though I pity thy martirdom,  
yet cannot I graunt mariage, for although I holde thee faire,  
yet mine epe is not settred, loue growes not like the herb Spattanna to  
his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last  
attaines to the top *Festina lenter*, especially in loue, for momentary  
fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies : If (Phoebe) I shoulde  
like thee as the Hiperborei doe their dates, which banquet with  
them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly shuld  
be great, and thy repenteance more. Therefore I will haue time to  
turne my thoughts, and my loues shall grow by as the water-cres-  
ses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou waist (ee I  
disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, til time and  
loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe seeke not to supprese  
affection, and with the loue of Montanus quench the remembraunce  
of Ganimede, striue thou to hate me as I seeke to like of thee, and  
ever haue the dutys of Montanus in thy mind, for wel mayest thou  
haue one more wealthy, but not mox loyall. These words were co-  
rastures to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighs, and strain-  
ing out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salve of Ganimede, but suspence, no  
hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be possted off to the will  
of time: iust haue the gods ballanced my sortunes, who being cruell  
to Montanus, found Ganimede as vinkinde to my selfe: so in for-  
cing him to perish for loue, I shal die my selfe with ouer-much loue.  
I am glad quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faultes, and  
see where your shos bringes you, measuring now the paines of Monta-  
nus by your owne passions. True quoth Phoebe, and so deepe ly  
I repent me of my frowardnesse towardes the shepheard, that  
could I cease to loue Ganimede, I would resolute to like Monta-  
nus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of  
Ganimede,

## golden Legacie.

Ganimede, wil for thy fauour Montanus? when reason, qd Qr,  
dost quench that loue that I doe owe to thee, then will I saue him  
condicioneilly, that if my loue can be suspect with no reason, as be-  
ing without reason, Ganimede wil only wed hymselfe to Phoebe. I  
grant it faire Theyberdesse, quench he, and to feed thee with the sweet-  
nesse of loue, this resolute on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman  
but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phoebe a fruitlesse  
kisse, and such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed,  
she arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheer as  
could be found in such a country cottage. Ganimede in the middest  
of their banquet, rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus fa-  
vour, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content,  
and looched by in loue, Ganimede tooke his leaue of Phoebe and  
departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly  
pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader,  
calling to remembrance his wounds, fild her eies ful of teares, & her  
heart full of sorowes, plodded to find Aliena at the folds, thinking  
with her presence to drawe away her passions. As shee came on the  
plaines, shee might espie where Rosader and Saladine sate with Ali-  
ena under the shade: which sight was a salue to her grise, and such a  
fairydall unto her heart, that shee tript amongst the lawnes full of  
joy. At last, Coridon who was with them, spied Ganimede, & with  
that the clowne rose, & running to meet him, cried, O srra, a match,  
a match, our mistris shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore  
peasant strok it before Ganimede, who coming to the crew, saluted  
them al, & especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so  
wel recovered of his wounds. I haue not gone abzoade so soone, qd.  
Rosader, but that I am bidden to a mariage, which on sunday next  
must be solemnized, betweene my brother & Aliena. I see wel where  
loue leads, delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serues where  
both parties are willing. Truth qd Ganimede, but what a happie  
day should it be, if Rosader that day might be maried to Rosalind?  
Ah good Ganimede quoth he, by naming Rosalind, renew not my  
sorrowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thall of my mi-  
series. Culb, be of good cheere man qd Ganimede, I haue a friend  
that is deeplie experienced in Negromancie and Magicke, that Arre  
can dñe, shall be acted for thine aduantage. I will cause to bring in  
Rosalinde, if either Fraunce or any bordering Nation harbour

## Euphues

her, and upon that take the faulch of a yong heþþearð. Aliena smilid to see how Rosader strowned ; thinking that Gerismond had issed with him. But breaking off from those maters, the page somewhat pleasant, begonne to discourse unto them what had passed betweene hym and Phoebe : which as they laught, so they wondred at al, confessing that there is none so chaste but loue wil change. Thus they passed away the day in that, and whenche sunne begonne to set, they cooke their leaues, and departed : Aliena prouiding for their mariage day such solemne cheere and hanosome robes as fited their countrey state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a ghely, Ganimede (who then meant to discouer hirselfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kettle of the fwest sondall, in such sort that the scend some heauenly symþy harboured in countrey aitrie.

Saladine was not behynd in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader hymselfe to bid ghests, who invited Gerismond and al his followers to the feast : who willingly granted, so that ther was nothing but the day wanting to his mariage. In the meane while, Phoebe being a bidden ghest, made her selfe as gorgeous as myght please the eie of Ganimede : and Montanus fuced himselfe with the ross of many of his flockes to be gallant against that day : for then was Ganimede to giv Phoebe an answer of her loues, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his misery, or the censure of his happiness. Whic as this heere was a brewing, Phoebe passed not a day without visitting her Ganimede, so far was she whapt in the beutie of this louelie swaine. Much prattle they had, & discourse of many passions. Phoebe wished for the day (as she thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what bnxpected events would fall out at the wed ding. In these humors passed the weeke, that at last sunday came.

No sooner did Phoebus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giv warning that his maisters hōsles shoulde be trapped in his glorious coach, but Coridon in his holiday sute maruellous seemely, in a russet iacket weiced with the same, and faced with redde wlopstid, hauing a paire of Chamblet sleeves, bounde at the wressles with foure yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of Pewter buttons : his hose was of gray Karsie, with a large sloop, garded ouer, thwart the pocket holes with thysse faire guardes, stiched on his other side with Red thred: his stocke was of the olive, sewed close to his

## golden Legacie.

his breech, and for to beautifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new cheden points of medly colour: his bonnet greene, whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis, and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old daies, he had a faire shirt-band of fine Lockerā, whiche auer with Country blew of no smal cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe sticklet in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Florae choice bowers, than any Country cottage.

Thither repaired, Phoebe with al the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in most sumptuous sorte that might be, but howsoeuer she helpe to prāk out A'icna, yet her eie was sti on Ganimede, who was so neare in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when he wonne Luna with his looks, or Paris when he plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Nymph Oenone. Ganimede like a pretty Page waited on his Mistres Aliena, and overooke that al was in readines against the bridegroome shold come. Who attir'd in a Forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena & the rest of the Country swaines. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choyce of Saladine, in that he had chosen a shepheardeesse whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lesse faire then seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could she abstaine from teates to see her father in so low softunes: he that was wont to sit in his royal palloe, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to be contyned with a simple cottage, and a troope of revelling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his sal, made Ganimede ful of sorowes: yet that she might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not aby way dash that merry day with her dumpes she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reverently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with his Forresters frolickt it amongst the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Mazer ful of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that

# Euphues

he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, vntaking to Alien a and the rest of her faire maids, among whom Phoebe was the formost. Alien a pledged the king, & dranke to Rosader so the carowle went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinking and ready to goe to church, came in Montanus apparelled all in tabay, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, wheron was painted despaire, and on his sheepooke hung two sommers, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as ful of griefe, as his heart was of sorrows, shewing in his countenance the map of extremities. The shepheards seeing him, did him all the honour they could, as being the flower of al the Swaines in Arden: for a bonier boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and gessing it to be Gerismond, did him al the reuerence his country curtesie could afford: insomuch that the K. wondring at his active, demanded what he was. Montanus ouer-hearing him, made this reply. I am, quod he, Loues swaine, as ful of inward discontents as I seeme fraughte with outward follies. My eies like bees delight in sweete floures, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they carry home to the hive of my heart, farre more gall than honey, and for one drop of pure deaw, a tunne ful of deadly Aconiton. I hunt with the slie to pursue the egle, that flying too neare the sun, I perish with the sunne: my thoughts are about my reach, & my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater than my loues. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the meane, I die for being so meane, my night sleeps are waking flurvers, as ful of sorrows as they be farre from rest, and my days labours are fruitlesse amors, staring at a starre, and stumbling at a strawe, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure, though it pinch, because loue hides his worme seede in figs, his poysons in sweete potious, and shadowes prejudice with the maske of pleasure. The wisedouners are my deepe discontents, and I hate that which should salue my harme, like the patient which stung with the Tarantula, loathes musick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus sic, restlesse I hold my selfe remedlesse, as louing without either reward or regard, & yet louing, because there is none worthy to be loued, but the mistris of my thoughts. And that I am

# golden Legacie.

as ful of passions as I haue discourt in my plaints, sir if you please,  
see my lounes, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great won-  
der, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that hee  
tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

*Montanus first Sonnet.*

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,  
Whereas no day bright shine doth find accesse:  
But where the melancholie fleeting floods,  
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,  
Disarmde of reason, spoylid of natures goods,  
Without redresse to salue my heauiness.

I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,  
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.)  
My silent tongue assailld by secret feare,  
My traitorous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,  
My fatall peace devoured in fained cheere,  
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,  
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,  
My fond opinions slau to euerie toye.  
Oh loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way,  
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

*Et florida prouunt.*

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the  
deuice of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a  
shadow, & so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefeſt discontent:  
affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the ſmalleſt haireſ  
their shadowes, ſo the meanelſt swaines had their fancies, and in their  
kind were as charie of loue as a king. Whetted on with this deuice,  
he tooke the ſecond and read it, the effects were theſe.

*Montanus ſecond Sonnet.*

When the Dog  
Full of rage  
With his ireful eies  
Frownes amidſt the ſkies:  
The ſhepheards to affwage,  
The furie of the heate,  
Himſelfe doth ſafely ſeate,

By a fount  
Full offaire,  
Where a gentle breath  
Mounting from beneath,  
Tempereth the aire,  
There his flockes,  
Drinke their fill.

O

And

# Euphues

Aad with ease repose,  
Whilst sweet sleep doth close  
Eyes from toyling ill.  
But I burne  
Without rest,  
No defensiu power,  
Shields from Phabes lower:  
Sorrow is my best,  
Gentle Loue  
Lowie no more:

If thou wilt inuade,  
In the secret shade,  
Labour not so sore,  
I my selte  
And my flocks  
They their loue to please,  
I my selfe to ease,  
Both leuue the shadie oakes  
Content to burne in fire,  
Sith loue doth so desire.

*Et florida pungunt.*

Gerismond seeing the pitthe bain of those sonnets, began to make further enquirie what he was: wherupon Rosader discoursed unto him the loue of Montanus to Phoebe, his great loyalty, & her great cruelty, & how in reuenge the gods had made the curious nymph amorous of yong Ganymede. Upon this discourse the king was desirous to see Phoebe, who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, þ the kings eyes began to dazzle at the beautie of her excellency. After Gerismond had fed his looks a while upon her faire, he questioned with her why shee rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his secrets were manie, and his passions extreame. Phoebe to make replie to the kings demand, answered thus. Loue (sir) is charcie in his lawe, & whatsoeuer he sets down for justice, be it never so vnius) the sentence cannot be reverst, womens fancies lend fauors not euer by desert, but as they are inforsyd by their desires: for fancie is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant tongue, as Vlysses the melodye of Syrens. Montanus is beautifull, and womens eies are snared in the excellencye of the obiects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to sucke the sweete flower, Montanus is wealthie, and an ounce of give me, persuades a woman moare then a pound of heare me.

Danae was won with a golden flower, when she could not bee gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter, I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and lette a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she wil moue his hearts gold. Montanus

## golden Legacie.

Montanus is yong, a great clause in fancies Court : Montanus is  
verruous, the richest argument that loue yeelds, and yet knowing  
all these perfections, I praise them and wonder at them, louing the  
quallities, but not affecting the person, because the Destinies haue  
set down a contrary censure. Yet Venus to adde reuenge, hath giuen  
me wine of the same grape, a slip of the same saunce, and fyring me with  
the like passion, hath crost me with as il a penance : for I am in loue  
with a shepheards swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruel to Montanus,  
as peremptoy in disdaine, as I was peruerle in desire, and that is, q.  
the Alienaes page, yong Ganimede.

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called  
in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a  
blush, as beautified the Chrystal of his face with a ruddy brightnesse.  
The King noting wel the phisnomie of Ganimede, began by his fa-  
uours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht  
a deep sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, de-  
manded of him why he sighed so soze. Because Rosader quoth he, the  
fauour of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word,  
Rosader sighed so deepeley as though his hart would haue burst. And  
whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quide me with such a  
sigh: Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosa-  
lynd. And vpon that condition, q. Gerismond, that Rosalynd were  
here, I would this day make vp a mariage betwixt her and thee. At  
this Aliena turnd her head, and smilid vpō Ganimede, and she could  
scarce keepe countenance. Yet she salued al with secrecie, and Ge-  
rismond to drise away such dyps, questioned with Ganimede, what  
the reason was he regarded not Phoebes loue, seeing he was as faire  
as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine: Ganimede mildly an-  
swered, if I should affect the faire Phoebe, I should offer poore Mont-  
anus great wrong, to win that from him in a momēt that he hath la-  
bored for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautiful  
shepheardeesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except unto her, but  
with this promise, that if I can with reason supprese Phoebes loue  
towards me, she shal like of none but of Montanus. To that q. Phoe-  
be I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it wil admit no  
perswasion of reason. For iustice quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond:  
and to his censure wil I stand quoth Phoebe. And in your victoyp q.  
Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune : for if Ganimede

## Euphues

go away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit loues Monarch : if Phoebe win, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controuersie q. Gerismond, & then we wil to Church, therfore Ganimedē let vs heare your argument. Nay, pardō my absence a while q. she, and you shal see one in stoe. In went Ganimedē and drest her selfe in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of ritch sandal, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest : vpō her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearke in the pride of al her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalynd in and presented herselfe at her fathers feete, with her eies ful of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing vnto him al her fortunes, how she was banished by Iorimond, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised. Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, & fel vpon her necke, uttering the passions of his ioy in watery plants, driven into such an ecclasse of content that he could not bittre one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and ioyful, I referre my selfe to the iudg-  
ment of such as haue experiance in loue, & seeing his Rosalynd before his face, whom so long and so deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his sprits, and in most fatherly tearnes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questiōs demanding of her what had past between her and Rosader. So much sir, q. she, as there wants nothing but your grace to make vp the mariage. Why then q. Gerismond, Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brother and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, & embrased his Rosalynd, who turning to Phoebe, demaundēd if she had shewed sufficient reason to suppresse the force of her loues. Pea, q. Phoebe, and so great a perswasive, that if it please you Madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I wil make this day the third couple in mariage. She had no sooner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted despaire, and cast his Sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frslike as Paris when he han-  
seled his Loue with Helina. At this Gerismond and the rest smilēd, and concluded, that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wed-  
ding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladine stand in a dump, to wake him from his dreame, began thus. Why how now my Saladine al a mōre, what melancholy man at the day of mariage ? perchance

## golden Legacie.

perchance thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy Wother's high for-  
tunes, and thine own base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardesse.  
Cheere vp thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the  
daughter of a king, for now Saladine, I am not Aliena, but Alinda,  
the daughter of thy mortal enemie Torismond. At this all the com-  
panie was amazed, especially Gerismond. Who rising vp, tooke  
Alinda in his armes, and said. Is this that faire Alinda famous for  
so many vertues, that forsooke her father's court to live with thee ex-  
iled in the countrey? The same qd. Alinda. Then qd. Gerismond,  
turning to Saladine, io!ly forrester be frolicke, for thy fortunes are  
great, and thy desires excellent; thou hast got a princesse as famous  
for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her  
beautie won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruante, as full of amiable  
fauour. While every one was amazed at these Comical events, Cori-  
don came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church,  
and carried their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and  
the rest followed, where to the admiration of the country swaines in  
Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. As soone as the  
priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had  
made al things in readines. Dinner was prouided, and the tables  
being spread, and the bryde set downe by Gerismond, Rosader,  
Saladine, & Montaigne that day were seruitors, homely cheere they  
had, such as their countrey could afford, but to amend their fare they  
had mickle good chat, ; many discourses of their loues and fortunes.  
About mid dinner, to make them merrie, Coridon came in with an  
old crowde, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to whiche he sung this plea-  
sant song.

Coridons song.

A blithe and bonny country Lasse.

heigh ho bonny Lasse,

Sate sighing on the tender grasse;

and weeping said, wil none come woo me.

A smicker boy, a lither swaine,

heigh ho a smicker swaine:

That in his loue was wanton faine,

with smiling lookes strait came unto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,

high ho, when she espide;

# Euphues

The meanes to make her selfe a bride,  
the simpred smoothlike bonny bell:

The swaine that sawe her squint-eyed kind,  
heigh ho squint-eyed kind,

His armes about her body twind,  
and faire Lasse, how fare ye, well.

The country kit said well forsooth,  
heigh ho well forsooth,

But that I haue a longing tooth,  
a longing tooth that makes me crye:  
Alas said he what garres thy griefe,  
heigh ho what garres thy griefe,  
A wound quoth she without relieve,  
I feare a maide that I shall die,

If that be all the shepheard saide,  
heigh ho the shepheard said,  
Ile make thee wine it gentle maide,  
and so recure thy maladie:

Hereon they kist with many a oath,  
heigh ho with many a oath,  
And fore God Pan did plight their troath,  
and to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euerie prettie peate,  
heigh ho the prettie peate,

That feares to die of this conceit,  
so kind a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon haing thus made them merrie, as they were in the my-  
nest of their iollitie, word was brought to Saladine and Rosader,  
that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arrived, and desired to  
speake with them. Gerismond ou thearing this newes, demanded  
who it was: It is sir, q. Rosader, my middle brother, y<sup>e</sup> lives a schol-  
ler in Paris, but what fortune hath dviuen him to seek vs out I know  
not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom he wel-  
comed with al curtie, & Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly enter-  
tainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor, where  
they

# golden Legacie.

they al satte at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many maners as he could points of sophistrie, and was as wel brought vp as wel lettered, saluted them al. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reverence belonged to his estate: & with that buck forth into these speeches. Although (right mightie prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course, & therefore from daintie cates rise to sharp weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, leue off your amors and fal to armes, change your loues into lances, & now this day shew your selues valiant, as hitherto you haue bin passionate. Soz know Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forrest, þ twelue Peeres of France are vp in armes to recover thy right, & Torismond troupc with a crew of desperate runnagates, is readie to bid hem battaile. The armes are readie to ioyne, therfore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mount you, & shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue bin harty la- vers, so shal you for the benefit of your countrey, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, & yuoue children worthy of so honorabile a parent. At this alarū giuen him by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt frō the boord, & Saladine & Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay q. Gerismond, go with me, I haue horse and armes for vs al, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that wee carry reuenge & honor at our fauchons points. Thus they leue the h̄des ful of sorrow, especially Alinda, who de- stred Gerismond to be good to her fater, he not returning a word be- cause his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deli- uered Saladine & Rosader horse & armes, & himself armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discouered where in a vallie both the battailes were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherin the Peeres fought, thrust in there, and criēd S. Denis, laying on such load vpō his enimies, that he shewed how high- ly he did estimate of a crowne. When þ peeres perceiued that their lawfull king was there, they were more eager: & Saladine & Rosader so behaued themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide þ furie of their weapons. To be shor, þ peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, & himself slain in battaile. The peeres the gathered the selues together, & saluted the king, conducted him royally into Paris, wher he was received w̄ great ioy of al þ citizens.

Alſoone

# Euphues log.

Whilom was all was quiet, and he had received by gain the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the court; Alinda being very passionate for the death of her father: yet brooking it with the more patience, in that ther was contented with the welfare of her Saladin. Well assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for al the Peeres and the Lords of his land, which continued threie daies, in which time summoning a parliament, by the content of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparent to the kingdome, and restored Saladin to his fathers land, and gave him the Dukedom of Namures, he made Fernandine principall Secretarie to himselfe, and that fortune might euerie way leeme frolike, made Montanus Lord ouer all the forest of Arden: Adam Spences Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

Here Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie that such as neglect their fathers precepes, incurre much prejudice, that dimisyon in nature, as it is a blemish in nature, so tis a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that yonger brethren, though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superiour in honours, that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt two brothers more forcible then fortune. If you gather any fruit by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and for fetching it. If you grace me with this favor, you encourage me to be more forward: and assoone as I haue over-tooke my labours, expect the Sailers Kalender.

FINIS.

Th. Lodge.

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